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THE SOLUTION

A Story of the New Medication

BY

CAROLYN SCOFIELD SMITH



BOSTON

RICHARD G. BADGER

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To

DR. THOMAS KELLY

who lived and died for humanity,
and who encouraged the author with
observations and wise councils
this book is inscribed

FOREWORD

This is the day of advance. The human mind is more than ever seeking for the ways and means of combating the forces inimical to human existence. Even as the wisdom of Noah led to his construction of the biblical ark; as Ponce de Leon sought the fountain of eternal youth, so today science is directing its greatest achievements to make life happier and more enduring. Notwithstanding this, the applications of discovery continue to be obstructed by conventions of thought and shortness of vision. The present story is an account of difficulties presented in extending the old by the new. It may interest the reader to know that the fiction of the present story is but a subtle statement of actual difficulties and how they are being overcome. It is further true that the psychical features are recorded as they were actually experienced.

THE SOLUTION

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CHAPTER I

Some years ago, in a quaint old house nestling under the eaves of the big Hotel St. George and within a stone's throw of the historical Plymouth Church, our story begins. This had been at one time the old aristocratic section of Brooklyn. It was now about equally claimed by the old families and the new.

In the second floor front of this house sat a young woman whose attention was equally divided between the disordered condition of the room which indicated either a fire or a recent move and six bright and shining objects resembling percolators which were displayed on the table before her. She was now studying the lines of these objects, anxious to make them conform to the excellence of the interiors. For it was the contents of these objects that had cost Catherine Summers many years of study and experimentation.

Catherine, though still young in appearance, was no longer gay and lively. The dimples had vanished

from her cheeks, and to her mouth had come a set expression that did not indicate levity. Her hopes had soared valiantly one day only to be dashed into an abyss of fear the next when one chemical did not work, or the flux was not right. She had endured a constantly changing life in which no living creature but herself could enter,—alone with her hopes,—alone with her fears,—deserted by her friends, whom she no longer had the time nor the inclination to entertain.

Trained as an artist, in spite of her several years' experience with chemicals, Catherine still retained the artist's keenness in observation. This had proved to be of infinite use to her in her later studies. She had been a successful artist, too, earning quite enough to indulge her hobbies for horses and boats, which she considered promoters of her health. Colds had always harassed her from October until May, but she noticed that these abated during the summer when she had lived aboard her big houseboat. It was then she conceived the idea of drawing the oxygen from water to purify the blood.

This, then, had been the beginning of her dream, a mechanism to convert water anywhere and everywhere in the world into a beneficial water which would purify, making puny bodies strong and healthful; a living water, with public fountains where the myriads of poor in all the great cities could come and drink. In the row of bright and shining objects before her

she saw her dream taking material shape, becoming an established fact, a disputed fact, a very disturbing fact, with some people, but a persistent fact, nevertheless.

For now Catherine was no longer distracted by colds all winter, and many, besides herself, had found the same relief. These many had begun to hand in their observations to her. These were to become the nucleus of her dreams. Out of the nebula of her past hopes and fears a strange courageous sun had taken shape and power to come forth into the rosy dawn of a marvelous new day. . . . Yes, that one had the best lines . . . she picked up one of the "percolators," and set it off by itself. The sun had begun to rise for all the world to see.

Her meditations were disturbed by a knock at the door. It was her cousin Franklin, from Summerville, who had come to the city to learn the banking business. He was young and full of enthusiasm, and though but recently come into Catherine's life, she prized his companionship.

"Hello, Catherine," he greeted her. "What is this display? Got all your babies here to-night, I guess."

Catherine was in the habit of referring to the latest of her inventions each time as "her youngest child." So she laughed, knowing perfectly well that he was alluding to her "percolators," as he sometimes called them.

"Yes," she answered, "I brought them all over from the shop purposely to see you. Now," as she surveyed the shining row, "it is your duty and privilege to judge which one is the prettiest."

"This one I don't like," said Franklin, picking up one with a rather heavy cornice-like ring in the center. "It looks too much like a Gold Dust Twin, this does. And this one, the faucet is too long. It looks like an old man with a hook nose." He looked the others over without much more irrelevant comment. Finally he decided on the very one which Catherine had chosen.

"Well done," said Catherine, giving Franklin a look which he knew meant that she was pleased with his selection. "That was my choice, too. You have quite a deal of the artist in you despite your preference for the hum-drum vocation of banking."

"It wasn't that I yearned to be a banker, you know. The vocation was, more or less, thrust upon me," said Franklin. He then turned to observe Catherine's Aquariums, consisting of three fish globes arranged in a row on one of the deep window seats. These fish were a constant source of amusement to Franklin. But their purpose to Catherine had been the more expedient one of instruction and experimentation. She frequently referred to them as, "My friends, the Fishes."

Franklin watched her as she changed their water.

She filled one globe with water from one of the machines, the next with water from another machine, and the last with tap water. Franklin asked whether the oxygenated water would go to their heads, and make them silly. Catherine looked at the fish critically then, wondering if those in the treated water waved their tails and wiggled their fins more rapturously than those in the tap water. Honesty was one of Catherine's virtues. She was forced to admit that they were all about equally joyous. She had bought some of the black and gold specimens which the Japanese are said to breed in such a way that they acquire the black spots. Franklin wondered if the treated water would take out the black spots, causing them to become all gold again. Catherine wondered what the effect would be, too; and so she divided these about equally in the three globes to await results. They both found endless amusement watching the fish with a preponderance of fins and tails. Franklin said that they looked like ladies with so much train and clothes that they could hardly navigate.

As they were making comments upon the different fish some one knocked in a peremptory manner. Catherine did not respond by the informal "Come in," but opened the door.

"Good evening," said the newcomer, in a crisp and jerky way to Catherine; then he addressed

Franklin with, "Hello, mate, how have you been?" Franklin enjoyed the distinction of being mate on Catherine's only remaining boat, the *Tip Top*, her big houseboat having burned. He seemed glad to greet the newcomer, Mr. Mills, who shook hands very heartily with him. Then Mills turned to Catherine, and said, "Now that you are out of business, and can do these men no more favors, I'm afraid some of them are going to get mean about paying"; for collecting had been Mr. Mills' vocation when Catherine had had her studio, and he was well adapted in handling delinquents. His eyes were not sharp and blue for nothing; and there was alertness and decision in his every move.

"I know you can get the money from them if any one can," she told him. She knew that she had not the gift of persuasion to extract money from an obdurate clientele that Mr. Mills had. She was very glad that he had undertaken to collect the outstanding debts.

Franklin suspected that they might wish to have some business conversation together. So he gracefully lied by saying he had an engagement.

"Oh, nonsense, just an engagement to study," said Catherine. "Here is some fish food. You may feed the fishes while Mr. Mills and I go over this account; it won't take very long, will it?" and she turned to Mills for the hearty approbation she did not get. Mills evidently had other things on his

mind. Franklin was quick to see this. Despite Catherine's protests he took his leave, promising to call in again soon.

Mr. Mills looked relieved when he had gone, though he liked the boy well enough. He really wanted to persuade Catherine to give up her experimenting. For in spite of the improved condition of her health and the concrete results of her labors now arrayed on the table before them, to his finite mind she seemed headed for destruction.

"For heaven's sake," he warned, "take care of this money!" He handed her the fruits of his labor consisting of half a dozen checks and bills. You don't know how many years it may be before you can make any money on these things," and he pointed somewhat contemptuously at the six bright objects on the table.

"How dare you be so scornful of my children!" she exclaimed, smiling. "Every one says they are very bright-looking children."

Mills seemed amused for a moment at the play on words. "Yes, bright and shiny enough," he said. Then he went on abruptly. "You know everybody thinks this idea of yours is impracticable. I would advise you to buy back the studio; for if this idea of yours fails you will have to start all over again. Unless,"—and here he interrupted himself by giving her an oblique glance, "unless you expect to get married."

"Which idea is absurd. Marriage, is an act I have no desire of committing," she said, looking straight at Mills. He returned her look, searchingly. Had she refused him so many times because of some one else whom she loved, he wondered? Or had she really become so immersed in this invention? He wondered if she was grieving for Mr. Burrell, a very good and old friend, who had made money for Catherine to experiment with. Mr. Burrell had recently met with foul play when carrying a large sum of money on his person. There would be no more fortunate turns on Wall Street from that quarter. Was Catherine grieving for him? He was silent for several minutes, a very unusual condition for Mills, who was ordinarily the embodiment of nervous activity.

Catherine broke in upon his meditative mood by remarking: "I've just had a letter from Mr. Spots; you knew that he went West?"

Catherine had dropped into a daydream when Mills replied, "I should think he would want to go West after making you lose all the money that poor Mr. Burrell had made for you." Since Mr. Burrell was out of the running as a suitor for Catherine's hand, Mills could now afford to be sympathetic in his behalf.

"He didn't make me lose it. He advised against my doing just what I did," countered Catherine.

"Anyway," said Mills, "you can't deny that he

introduced you to the old rascal," for Mr. Spots had become a very sore spot with Mills. In studio days, Mr. Mills had been the custodian of the bank account, and had taken great pride in the achievement of Mr. Burrell, whenever he increased Catherine's account by several clever turns on the market. But when Mr. Spots had come along and had been the means of introducing Catherine to Mr. Roace, a wily old rascal who had depleted the bank account, even the ruin of Mr. Spots also did not excuse his behavior in the eyes of Mr. Mills. "Well, what does Mr. Spots say? Any chance of getting your money from that old fraud Roace?"

"Not much chance, I guess," said Catherine.

"Well, I could have told you there wouldn't be the ghost of a show. Now I suppose he'll be supporting the old man's wife, and probably sending flowers to the crazy old fool, besides. I just calculated that rascal would be foxy enough to go crazy if he were caught. He was smart enough for that, all right."

Mills had been standing, during this conversation, for there seemed to be objects piled on every comfortable chair. Catherine had not as yet found the time to put her things in order. Her quarters, too, were much more cramped here than in New York. Her real reason for moving to Brooklyn had been for economy's sake and the chance to give her undivided attention to what she now considered her life pur-

pose. Mills now proceeded without ceremony to unload the things occupying the most comfortable chair upon one less desirable. "There," he decided, when he was ensconced, "that is more like it. Do you think you will ever get this place to look nice and cozy like the place on the Avenue? Looks to me as if you had brought enough junk to furnish a flat instead of a moderate-sized room."

"I suppose I will have to get rid of it," said Catherine, looking rather helplessly at the disorder.

"But of course you won't dispose of those fool fishes, and you will take up your table space with those 'Aquators,' or whatever you call them."

"Dear me," said Catherine, somewhat wearily, "I do wish you would come in sometime when you were less fault-finding."

"Nice polite way of asking a fellow to leave after he has collected a bunch of bills for you. I'm not going, though, not just yet. But if you don't consent to marry me, I'm going to leave for good and all. Of course you've told me that you wouldn't, but remember you haven't the friends you had when you entertained on the houseboat and on the Avenue. Even your oldest standby, Mr. Burrell, and Mr. Spots are gone now. And the best and kindest of them all, a real true blue,—I'd call Miss Russell,—has gone away. Why, you haven't any one now but your uncle and a cousin or two that you see once in a blue moon."

"Yes, I know that I'm very much alone; but I have had to have seclusion for my experimenting. I shall miss Miss Russell more than any one, for she was always interested and optimistic."

"I suppose she writes regularly?" asked Mills.

"Oh, yes," replied Catherine. "But I don't think I should have left New York so soon if it hadn't made me so homesick to go past my old home there."

Mills had, with malice aforethought, tried to make her feel her loneliness. He judged that here was a proper pause in which to make his stand.

"Now, see here, Catherine," he said, in about as persuasive a tone as he could assume (persuasion of the softer kind not being in his line), "if you don't marry and settle down pretty soon you will be a lonely old maid all your life."

"Do you think I wouldn't be lonely if I married you?" asked Catherine.

"Nobody has ever complained of loneliness when I was around," said Mills. "I can usually stir things up."

"That's quite true. No one has ever complained of monotony when you were near. But I should be lonely,—for you haven't the slightest interest in what I am trying to do. I should be very, very lonely if I married you, Mills."

"Oh, darn it, then don't," said Mills, petulantly, feeling that he had lost out in this, his hundredth and avowedly last proposal to Catherine. "But I

will get married, just the same. You'll see. And I'm not going to stay around here and collect your bills. You have been making a fool of a fellow."

"Nonsense!" said Catherine, this time somewhat nettled herself. "Our business relations have kept us friends. You were of value to me, and I have been of value to you. Your position was a good one, and you enjoyed the freedom it gave you. Now you needn't say I've made a fool of you at all, for I haven't."

"Well, then, you haven't," and, feeling in a somewhat repentant mood, he added, "Well, I'll finish the collecting for you, anyway."

"That's a good old Towser dog," said Catherine, "always watching my bank account."

"The chances are that you won't have any to watch very long," he told her. "Well, good night," he said abruptly and carefully slammed the door.

"Dear me," mused Catherine, "there was a splendid man simply spoiled because his mother didn't spank him when he was young. But I'm not going to make the corrections his mother neglected. Some other woman can assume that undertaking."

She looked about the room then to find a suitable place to put several books that were on the desk. She liked to keep her desk clear, for she often wanted to write when an idea came to her out of the clear skies, a bolt from the blue, as she called it. Then she would write rapidly on a scrap of paper which

she carefully filed. As she had taken the comfortable chair which Mills had relieved of its burden of books she rested her head against its cushions while her hand rested lightly on the table still holding the pencil. No human being seemed to be within the radius of her thought. A peculiar drowsiness came over her. Then, without her volition, her hand moved and begun to make some sort of characters on the paper. This had the effect of rousing her. She wondered what was moving her hand, as she did not direct it, it could not be herself. She did not get frightened, for she was too thoroughly curious. The hand continued to try to make characters. When it reached the bottom of the page Catherine could resist her curiosity no longer. She rose then, and turned on the light. She saw a great number of scrawls from which she made out one message that was repeated three times.

“M. K. S. is in trouble.” There were other scrawls, and an occasional word could be made out. But there was no doubt about the legibility of “M. K. S. is in trouble.”

Catherine had heard that there was such a thing as “automatic writing,” but she had never considered herself as a medium. It now occurred to her to ask, “Who is M. K. S.?” She wrote her question at the top of a fresh page, and turned off the light again, waiting to see what would happen. The answer came quite promptly in a very big scrawl:

"Your Mother." Catherine's own mother's name had been Mary Katherine, the "K" being used as the initial. She believed, but did not know for certain, that she had been called by the two names. So she asked, "Which mother,—my living mother?" This time the answer was very prompt: "No, your own mother!"

This caused Catherine to think very hard, indeed. Her feeling of loneliness was now assuredly gone. She felt that the room was filled. But she was not sure that she liked it. She did not remember her mother, so she felt no grief at her loss. She had sometimes wondered, since her experimenting, if her dead mother would have been in sympathy with her had she been living. At times Catherine felt that she might be near her. But she had not supposed that such a direct communication, even in the wildest flights of her fancy, would have been possible.

Now Catherine sat quietly thinking for some minutes; she was aware of the fact that there was such a thing as the subconscious mind. She thought that might be directing her hand. Then she resolved to treat the supposed communicator as if it were her mother. So she wrote: "Have you seen Grandpa Summers lately?" Each time after she asked a question she allowed her hand to remain passive. Almost immediately this time it wrote: "No, I don't see him very often. He has gone to another plane." Then followed a great deal of

illegible writing with only a word now and then that was plain. But at the end it said: "He has not the same interest in remaining near the earth plane as I have."

Catherine remembered to ask: "What was the trouble you spoke about in your first message?"

The reply was, "M. K. S. has been trying to reach you for a very long time. The trouble was that I could not seem to make your hand move so as to convey any meaning. When you assert yourself I am powerless."

Catherine then wrote, "I have been in some little séances. Why did you not take advantage of the opportunity to communicate?"

"Because I did not think the mediums were sincere."

Catherine now felt tired, and she was not one to overdo a new experience. She wished to think it over in broad daylight. This time she did not write her thought. She said to herself, "I think I shall go to bed." Then she relaxed her hand, and the answer came as promptly as when she had written the questions: "Good night, dearest."

Catherine immediately turned on the light and saw that it was nearly two o'clock. It was ten o'clock when she had first sat down, and she must have been in a half-trance since. She prepared herself for bed, and was soon sound asleep. When she awoke the next morning her first thought was of her

experience of the night before. She actually thought then that she must have dreamed it. But she went to the desk where she remembered putting the papers, and found the sheets. She looked at them curiously. "I will try again to-night," she thought, "perhaps it is only transient."

Then she went to a small closet-like place which she had had built. Here she evaporated the waters from her different machines. She noticed that some alloys made blue water, and others red and orange. She recalled the dream she had had long ago where a fountain with multicolored sparkling waters fell in a pool and mingled, and became a fountain for healing. She wondered if there could be any connection between that dream and her present experience, if there could be a great power directing her. She would ask that question this very night, she thought.

Later in the morning Catherine went over to her little shop, or rather, a part of a shop, and busied herself. But contrary to her custom of thinking continuously of her invention her thoughts would recur to the events of the night before. The laboratory part of her work she had long since moved to the suburbs. For she had had several successful "fire scares," and had been obliged to take her experiments out of the city,—by the special request of landlord and neighbors. When she got back to her room she found she still had plenty of work to do, for she

had not yet succeeded in getting settled in her new quarters. She became almost exasperated trying to find places for various books, ornaments, and some of her experimental paraphernalia for which she had had plenty of room in her spacious Fifth Avenue studio, but which filled her present big room to overflowing. She finally came to the conclusion that, if she were ever to get order out of chaos she would have to dispense with many of her treasures.

She went to her landlady, Mrs. Goodwin, and told her trouble. "I think I had better send a lot of these things home," she said. "Do you know where I can get a large box?"

"You won't need a box, for I have some very large canvas bags you may have," said the good-natured Mrs. Goodwin. She disappeared into a remote and dark closet which were common in the old-style houses, and brought forth two extremely large bags.

Catherine was elated at the find. "Thank you, they are just the things I need. Now I'll see if I can evolve some order out of this confusion. I'll send them home. For they have plenty of room there, and if I need anything, I can get them out when I go up."

When Catherine began packing her superfluous belongings she sobered somewhat, wondering dubiously if they would want to care for her things there. Catherine's experiments had been a sore trial to both her stepmother and her sister Nella. "For your

own good," her stepmother would say, who opposed Catherine vigorously. The idea of converting ordinary water into a beneficial one by simply adding an attachment had seemed too preposterous to them for serious contemplation. Finally there was a tacit understanding that the subject should not be mentioned.

Catherine's reflection that her things might not be welcome did not deter her, however. She packed vigorously. When she had finished she dragged the ponderous bags out into the spacious square hall.

"I'll send a call for them to-night, and just write that they are coming," she said.

Then she looked at the improved order of things, and reflected, with great relief, that one could now find a place to sit in comfort without seeming to intrude one's self on literature or art objects. The one big window-seat she would keep for a studio, and the other for a combined aquarium and laboratory, she decided. So, with a parting glance at what now appeared to be a nice cozy room she departed in search of her solitary evening meal. She wandered up Fulton Street looking in each restaurant to see how inviting it looked, and if there were ladies at the tables.

She finally came to a restaurant with the democratic cognomen of "Joe's" and noticed that the waiters were attired in faultless white. There was some appreciation of art, too, for the walls were

decorated with pretty mosaics. She thought she would give "Joe's" place a trial. She found the service and the food good but she did not enjoy it to the extent it merited. She was thinking of "M. K. S.," and wondering if she would return to-night.

When she reached her room again she made herself comfortable and rested her hand lightly upon the paper as before. But this puzzling thought kept coming to her. "Why, if it is possible to communicate in this way, did not the experience come before? Anyway, it probably is the subconscious mind, which is known to be a great impersonator, she thought. Her hand did not move at all now, and she felt distinctly disappointed. "Perhaps my mind isn't passive enough," Catherine thought. Her hand quivered, but did not actually move. Finally it did move. And then, in a rather large and clear scrawl it wrote, "M. K. S. is so glad to tell you that she still lives, and is much happier than when on the earth plane."

Catherine then wrote, "If this is really my mother, cannot you say something reassuring and convincing?"

The reply was: "I am with you always, even when you are busiest, and I will never leave you."

This was a very lovely thought, but it did not serve to convince Catherine. She was so accustomed to look for physical cause and effect that she

was somewhat out of touch with the spiritual. She thought she had become too literal.

Catherine wrote: "Are you with papa and Nella also?"

"They are ever in my thoughts, but I am not their guide. I am yours."

"Does this mean that you are with me all of the time?"

"M. K. S. does not leave you unless you are sleeping. Then she often takes you up in the eighth plane where we have many friends."

Catherine remembered that she was familiar with the sensation of having returned from afar when she awoke. But she had always thought it a vague dream. She now made no attempt to ask a question but remained relaxed. Soon the hand started again and wrote:

"M. K. S. is waiting for you and Papa to come."

Visions of the traditional heaven, where the inhabitants played on golden harps and wore crowns came to Catherine, and she could but smile at the thought of her father in this position. So she asked: "Will papa have to play a harp? Are there no funny or witty spirits?"

The reply was: "M. K. S. thinks that Papa would be very much out of place playing a harp. He will simply develop along the lines of what his individuality has been on the earth. Yes, we do have witty spirits here, who make harmless sport of things

which are not sacred. But they do not have their merriment at the expense of some other spirit. Your 'fun' on earth is usually at the expense of some other mortal."

Catherine stopped to slip another piece of paper under her hand. But when the pencil again started it was nothing but scrawls. She did not understand this, so she willfully stopped. After a few moments she again relaxed, and the pencil wrote: "There was no other spirit trying to interfere, as you thought. M. K. S. will not allow it. But sometimes you try to control your hand, and then I cannot write. Sometimes I wish to express something which I cannot readily translate into your symbols."

Catherine confessed to herself that night as she retired that she could not understand this phenomenon. But whatever the power was, it did seem to have good sense, a quality she had found to be lacking in any manifestations purporting to come from spirit land which she had seen or heard previously. She wondered if their seeming incoherency might not have resulted from their inability to express themselves in the symbols of the earth plane.

After she was quietly in bed and composed she thought over the advisability of telling her experience to any one. She decided that she would wait until she had made better headway with her theory of oxygenating the blood through the drinking of water. They might say that her mind had been

affected as a result of too much study. But they certainly could not say that her health had been ruined. She had never been so well in her life. When first she had started to drink the water she had made a color card somewhat similar to those physicians use to determine the hemoglobin in the blood, the shades ran from the brilliant red of the arterial to the very dark red of the venous blood, when it becomes entirely lacking in oxygen, and is much polluted. Her training as an artist served her well in those observations, for the slightest change in form or color was quickly noted by her.

She had noted the color of her venous blood when she started to drink the water, and she had noted it at various periods afterward, with the result that the blood became three shades lighter. It had taken some time to do this.

Even Franklin commented on the improved appearance of Catherine. He also remarked that she no longer had colds. He became an enthusiastic supporter, and this cemented their friendship. Catherine felt the need of enthusiasm from some one, and he, in a measure took the place of her dear friend Miss Russell. She now concluded that with the data she had collected and her own case, she ought to report to her doctor. He seemed pleased with her progress and told her to continue collecting data, preferably through physicians. There were some convincing things about the water, as her

own case proved. But there were still some phases about the water that she did not understand. The most pronounced of these was the effect upon elimination. She had taken an Aquator with her and he asked her to explain its working in detail, which she was glad to do. He then promised her any observations which he should make.

"It will take some time to establish what you have already proved to your own satisfaction. But it is worth while, and do not get discouraged," he told her.

In about two weeks he telephoned for Aquators for both his town and country homes. So Catherine judged he was making observations; but she did not trouble him for an opinion for several months. She knew it would take a very long time.

CHAPTER II

Several evenings passed. Mills did not come in again with bills that he had collected for Catherine, and she began to wonder what could have happened. Although he had gone away in an irritable mood, his intensest anger usually exhausted itself in about fifteen minutes. Temporarily his temper also exhausted any innocent bystander who happened to be in the immediate vicinity.

Catherine decided to telephone him. He recognized her voice at once and said: "Hello. Spent all the money I left when I was last in, I suppose. Well, I haven't collected any more. And if I haven't got any money I needn't come around, I suppose. That's just about what you said when I was in last." Catherine was prepared for his raillery, and she answered good-naturedly, "Oh, nonsense! You know I want to see you, anyway." But Mills was not to be mollified immediately, according to his wont. Before long, he capitulated, however, and promised to be around that evening. Catherine hung up the receiver, convinced that she would have to handle Mills with more tact and diplomacy if she wanted him to collect the balance of her bills.

When he came in his first remark was to compli-

ment her on the improvement she had made in rearranging her room. "I see you cleared a place to sit down now," he said, "and also a place for your friends to sit. But what in the world are all of these things doing here yet?" and he pointed to the row of little machines as if he considered them unwelcome usurpers of space.

Mills' contempt for the machines had notably increased since he had procured a cask of beer from a brewer with the object of experimenting. His practical mind had conceived what he thought to be a great idea. He told the brewer that he had a patent that would produce a superior article by injecting oxygen into the beer. To Mills' disappointment and chagrin the machine had "oxidized" the beer so thoroughly that it came out practically water. Mills did not have the nerve to approach the brewer again. Catherine urged him to report the result, anyway. But Mills argued, "That brewer's a husky chap, and he might lick me if I told him I'd made water out of his beer." This put Mills under the grave suspicion of having procured the beer for personal use. One day he accidentally met the brewer who irately demanded to know what had become of the beer. "D—— stuff all went to water!" exclaimed Mills, and took to his heels. In telling the story afterwards Mills explained: "I knew I could run faster than that old fat duffer, so I didn't take any chances on getting

licked." So Catherine understood Mills' irritation when he saw her array of these offenders. She made a feeble effort to change the subject by remarking that Franklin had gone home for a week.

"Guess he'll be blamed glad to get a rest from your eternal chatter about the machines," said Mills.

"It's really not a machine, you know," said Catherine, wishing now to take the defensive. "It's a filter."

"By George! Should think it was! Filters so there's nothing left."

"With beer as the objective, I don't doubt that in the least," said Catherine, with equanimity.

"Good thing you didn't live in the days when there were witches. You would have been burned for what that machine does. Now why in thunder didn't you make a machine so it would turn water into beer? Then people would consider it a Household Necessity."

"Practically all of your friends have made that suggestion. At least all of those who have heard of your experiment," said Catherine, with considerable emphasis on the "your."

"Yes, by George! They have all heard of it, don't take you long to circulate a joke if the laugh's on me."

Catherine again wished that he would get off the subject. She wanted to know if he had made any collections, but she was reticent about asking him.

"Oh, I have an idea," she said, and draped a pretty Indian scarf over the offenders. "There now. Maybe you will be able to think of me for a moment when you don't have to see the machines." But she immediately realized that this had been an unfortunate remark. "Gosh blame it, anyway. That's just what I don't want to do. I've been trying to get you out of my mind!"

"Oh, nonsense, Mills! You've always been so good and faithful I thought we were going to be friends forever,—when you get over this idea you have for marrying. For me to marry and devote my time to making a home for you would be inhuman on my part from the observations I have of what these colloids can do. You are very good in business, but you know yourself that you have been detrimental rather than helpful to me where my experiments were concerned."

"Well, I haven't been the only detrimental one. I don't see that any one has encouraged you excepting Miss Russell, who has gone away. Mr. Burrell just liked to encourage your fads, but you won't have him any more to jolly you along. And Franklin, who don't know any better, looks too frail to stand this city life for long. So you'll probably lose him, too, before long. Now aren't you alone?"

"But," remonstrated Catherine, "even if I don't see these three I'm still conscious of their support. And even if I happened to be the only living person

in this world or on any other planet who knew the truth concerning certain things, then it would be all the more incumbent upon me to demonstrate that truth. I do not expect to be popular for the next few years. People who tell the truth and upset the old order of things seldom are popular, even though they eventually save thousands of lives. But I shall make friends, after a time, through benefiting others."

"People nearly always hate their benefactors," said Mills. But he looked sober and less irritated.

"Then I shall be doing right simply because I know that it is right," replied Catherine, decisively. "That is one of mama's precepts, you know."

"But I thought your mother's sense of justice and your idea of doing right would be different. For she and all your family have opposed you in this experimenting business," argued Mills.

"For the reason that they do not know what I expect to accomplish. Do you honestly believe that any normal human being is opposed to saving life unless the opposition arises from ignorance?"

"Yes," said Mills, "if your method causes anybody to lose money. Then you would see how very little human lives counted."

Catherine knew that Mills' practicality was incorrigible. She looked exasperated. "It doesn't seem possible to me that men can be so pin-headed, so near-sighted, and so utterly oyster-like that they

can't see beyond their own petty shells of self-interest," said Catherine. "But anyway, I know different. There must be some men in the world who have vision, some big souls who want to help humanity. It will be my business to find these."

"Oh, lots of them will wish you well, I've no doubt about that. But wait until you have asked them for money. Then their tune will change. Why even if you could accomplish in your lifetime all that you hope to do, it's too big a thing for one person. You can't swing such a big proposition alone. I'm just simply looking at things as they are to-day for you. Your business is gone, and no one is near on whom you can rely. Why, you are as alone as 'The Last Rose of Summer.'" This was a poetic masterpiece of a simile, coming from pragmatic Mills.

"Yes, I know," said Catherine's audible voice. But her inner voice seemed to whisper, "This it not true." Then her face brightened perceptibly. "Perhaps not so alone as you think," she added.

"What are you thinking about now?" asked Mills, suspiciously. "Mr. Sporty Spots? I didn't think he would still be on the carpet after letting that old rascal Roace get away with all your money. Then he cleared out himself, to cap the climax. "I don't think you need ever expect any returns from that direction."

Catherine was piqued at his criticism of the well-

meaning Mr. Spots. But she wanted to conciliate Mills.

"As for my ever having cared for Mr. Spots," she said, "you have had the facts of that case ever so many times over again. There's absolutely nothing in it. He would be a good friend if he were here, and you know that, too. For he is naturally kind and optimistic."

"Should think he would want to be," muttered Mills. "Do you know that, even after all of your years spent in work, study and experimenting, people at large will say you didn't invent it? That is, if it turns out to be anything successful. They wouldn't want to give a woman credit for doing any great big thing like you are trying to put over."

"Yes, they said Columbus was crazy, too. And whatever sea any Columbus chooses to attempt, it is by his courage that the stay-at-home minds are oft-times enriched. They say, too, that Shakespeare didn't write his plays, or that Mrs. Eddy didn't write 'Science and Health'; and so on down the line. We always find little minds trying to attract attention to themselves by detracting from the really great. Any one who accomplishes worth-while things must expect to meet with suspicion from the ignorant, and skepticism from the so-called 'Intelligentsia.' "

"Not only that, but even your own 'friends' will try to detract from what you have done. No, Mills, I draw the line there," Catherine interposed. I

don't think a single person who knows what I've come through, or even a tenth of it, will be mean enough to wish to detract from what I have done. Human nature isn't as hard-hearted and spiteful as all that. I should never fear success for that reason."

Mills had run the gamut of dire possibilities apt to befall Catherine if she persisted in her obstinate resolve not to marry him, he therefore paused for a moment, then abruptly changed the subject.

"What do you say, let's go to see a show," he suggested.

"No," said Catherine, refusing to become thus distracted, "for I've reached the point where amusement doesn't appeal so much as accomplishment."

"Oh, I know that. You reached that point years ago. But do you think when you've made the world all well and healthy that you will return to your former lively spirits? It's pretty monotonous to talk to a person who never hears the half of what you are saying. Makes me think I'm in my dotage, and just talking to myself."

This change from a disappointed suitor to a comrade was characteristic of the versatile Mills. It was a trait that had often misguided Catherine. Now she thought that he had settled into a real friend, at last.

"Very well, then, let's go," she said, wishing to be agreeable.

Mills was elated by her change of mood.

"All right. What would you like to see?"

"Oh, anything at all that's good, or funny," she told him.

"Which probably means that you won't know what you're listening to."

"I'll try to behave," she promised.

"All right, then. Now we'll have to hustle up. It's getting late."

So they went out, apparently good friends again. After they returned from the show he slipped a couple of checks into her hand. "Here's some money I collected. If you had asked for it, you wouldn't have got it from me,—but you didn't," he said. "Now when you want some more you'll have to call me up, and come and get it, if I have any. That's only business, you know; as you want to be so all-fired business-like I'm going to give you some of your own medicine for a change."

"Very well. I shall call you up," said Catherine. But she felt a sudden sinking of the heart to think that his promised friendliness of earlier in the evening was spoiled.

With the studio off her mind now, except for the few accounts that remained to be collected, Catherine found much more time to do her experimenting. Nearly every day now she went out to her laboratory in the suburbs of Brooklyn where a little more steam or smoke did not shock nor alarm the neigh-

bors. Then she went to her shop near the old bridge for an hour or so; and finally she went to see those who would help her to collect such data as she was compiling. This, with some reading in the evening and some answering of letters, kept her reasonably busy, but not rushed, as she had formerly been. Franklin was her only visitor now and her personal calling list had dwindled to but a few of her relatives.

Catherine became curious to get an opinion from some one in authority concerning "M. K. S." But she did not think it a wise plan to discuss this phenomenon too promiscuously. She decided to submit some of the writing to the Society for Psychical Research. Through this she became acquainted with some of the workers there and found this new experience very interesting. One evening Catherine asked "M. K. S." if she would meet some of her new friends, having in mind certain persons who were interested in Psychical Research. Although Catherine sat relaxed as usual waiting for an answer, the pencil did not move for some time. Then it slowly traced:

"M. K. S. does not wish to be asked silly questions, many of which she cannot answer. Nor does she desire to make the acquaintance of persons who regard the spirits as fortune-tellers." (*Pause*) "We see the future in a broad way, and not in detail, except in rare cases." (*Pause*) "M. K. S. will

have to impress you that she is *your* guide. That is her mission."

Catherine then asked: "Do I resemble you? Some say that I do."

The pencil wrote immediately: "M. K. S. cannot see your face distinctly. She cannot tell exactly. The spirit is plainer to us and that is our guide for identification."

Catherine then asked this question, mentally: "Do mortals who die with impaired minds from age or other causes, awake with unimpaired mentality?"

"M. K. S. knows that they awake here quite normal. Age, it is supposed, is caused by an accumulation of earthly salts, and these are left in the body."

"Yes," Catherine wrote this time, "that is a favorite theory of mine. If we could continue to grow, we would use up these earthly salts, and at eighty, be as big as pine trees, but still young. Did you get that theory from my mind, or did you put it there in the first place?"

"M. K. S. does not think that she put this idea in your mind. She knows it to be true, according to what is said here by those who should know. They might have inspired the thought in your mind."

"If everything we ate or drank was colloidal in nature would not it postpone age?" Catherine wrote this out for she wished to make the question impressive. The answer came almost immediately:

"M. K. S. thinks it would have a great influence in postponing age; it is the hardening process which interferes with the free circulation of blood and hence with nutrition,—this is the most potent agency in the pathological process of age."

That superfluous salts (crystalline) accumulated in the bones and tissues, thus causing the hardening process Catherine had thought out for herself. She thought she had, at least. But the nutrition part was not hers. However, she thought that theory must be held by some, for it seemed to be logical.

"How is it that you seem to be more logical than most spirits?" Catherine wrote.

"M. K. S. thinks it is because she is farther advanced than most spirits who remain around the earth. She is staying here for a purpose and can go to higher realms at any time she chooses."

"Can you not go to Mars and return and tell the character of the inhabitants of that planet?" asked Catherine.

"M. K. S. is not so far advanced as your question implies. We are of the earth born, and we have to continue within a certain radius for a long development. Finally we do mingle with the intelligences of other planets."

Catherine asked: "How do you measure time? Can you do so correctly?"

"M. K. S. cannot say that we always measure time correctly. We have to be guided by different

things and by our own development, which is really the measure of time for us. If we have accomplished much with our thought, it might be said to correspond to a certain length of time with you. Some live ten years, and others might live but one or two in the same space of time as measured by mortals."

"Do you have houses something like ours?" asked Catherine, mentally.

"As thought is unto action, so are our dwellings unto yours. The beauty of our dwellings is only limited by our own thought. The structures are not made by hands as are yours. M. K. S."

Catherine then asked, mentally: "Are your eyes and hair as black as when you were on earth, and are you as beautiful as you have been described to me?"

"M. K. S. thinks her hair is as black and her eyes are as *brown* as when she was on earth. But our beauty here is not of form, neither is it of color, but the beauty of *thought* lends its radiance and transcends that which was called beauty upon earth. We can become as beautiful as we choose or as we are capable of conceiving."

(Concerning this message Catherine asked her father what color her mother's eyes had been, and he said, "brown.")

Catherine did not ask any questions for a moment or two; but directly her hand started: "M. K.

S. finds that it does make for happiness when there is an object upon which to bestow affection—it is a wise provision made by the Creator. The ones we loved on earth most dearly are, as a rule, most dear to us here. Unless the love was of a purely earthly and selfish type, it becomes intensified. It is not necessary to be lonely here for we have not to penetrate the obscuring mantle of the ‘Veil of Flesh’; the character is known instantly here. Therefore, there can be no misunderstandings. This is the rock upon which so many earthly friendships are wrecked.”

Catherine asked in writing, “In other words, dear M. K. S., you can do away with this humbuggery of words to which so many of us mortals are enchained, and still be understood?”

“Yes, and understood far more completely than mere words or symbols can convey. M. K. S.”

Catherine waited a few minutes, but there was no further message. Presently the pencil wrote, “You are tired. Have a good rest. Good night.”

Catherine realized that she was tired, indeed. She noticed that she was always tired after the writing. But she also noted that she slept very soundly, often waking at daybreak without having moved. She decided that anything tending to produce such sound sleep could not be harmful.

In the morning when she awoke she thought over the messages of the previous night and wondered

if there could be knowledge of colloidal solutions on another plane. Catherine had turned her attention to them with a great deal of interest. At this time there was nothing in the public library on the subject. The information she could gather in the medical library was rather meager. However, all the effects of the water could not be accounted for by an oxidizing agent, or the oxygen alone. She thought that the slow effect of the water was probably caused by the oxygen, but that any immediate effects were probably caused by the colloid.

The physicians whom she saw were not able to give her information on the subject, as the colloids were then comparatively new and very few had even tried them. Then she thought of writing to the medical schools where they did such experimenting to see if they were interested in helping her. She got one reply, and she sent a machine for the experiments; but the good professor never did get the time. Then she wrote to the State Board of Health; they only recognized the absence of bacteria in water—that was the standard of water, they said.

“In fact,” said Catherine, “any water that won’t kill a person is a ‘good-enough-water’! Oxygen did not interest these good gentlemen; they probably thought it was superfluous.”

Then Catherine went to a man of influence whom she knew and who happened to have Bright’s disease. He used his influence, but it was of no avail.

"Any water that would not kill a person" remained the standard. Why, they had never heard of a water that would prevent disease unless it came from some 'Spa'; they never had heard of it, and they apparently never wanted to hear of it. But the man with Bright's disease took a machine on Catherine's doctor's recommendation that it was "a very fine water."

"I do not recommend it yet as curative, for it is too new. But I do know that it is a very fine water," the doctor told him.

"Well, I should like to give it a trial," said the man. Catherine was pleased when he wrote, asking if she would sell him a machine. "Do you think it will do me any good?" he asked. "I cannot get any insurance on account of my kidneys."

"A good doctor should know whether or not the oxygen would be beneficial," replied Catherine.

The man laughed. "You would not make a very clever salesman for your goods."

"Perhaps not. But I know my doctor very well, and while I know the water better than he, he should be the judge of its efficacy."

"Well, I must congratulate your doctor on your admiration for him, and your respect for his opinion. But I am going to try a machine if you will sell me one."

After three months the man called her up and informed her that he had passed his examination for

insurance and had taken out a large sum. "I had tried for years before and failed, so I am giving your water machine the credit," he told her.

Occurrences of this kind buoyed Catherine's hopes and made it imperative that she fight on. On the other hand, there were some who called her an imposter, without having the slightest idea of what she had done or the method of doing it. At first Catherine became angry at these accusations, but after a time she learned to ignore. She found it necessary for the furtherance of her work that she keep her peace of mind. Mills was still collecting her outstanding debts and this brought them together occasionally. Since the Aquator seemed to have made good in several specific instances, he began to acquire some interest in it. It was beyond him to have enthusiasm for water in any form, however. But he would say, "You are really the 'Water Witch' that Spots used to call you."

He never saw her without alluding to Mr. Spots. Catherine would tell him frankly whether or not she had heard from him. She did not wish Mills to have the idea that she was interested in any particular man. She appreciated his good qualities and would have liked to have kept him as a friend. But she knew this was not possible, as he wanted a home. So after the bills were finally all settled, they met but seldom.

Catherine's landlady was much interested in the

water, which she had drunk freely. "My, but it has made a big change in me, that water," she said. "It has made my complexion better, too."

"Do you think I can become a beauty doctor, now?" said Catherine.

"Well, lots of people don't care if they are healthy, but they all want to be beautiful," she commented.

In moments of retrospection, however, the condition that made Catherine unhappy was that all her friends except Miss Russell and Franklin, had only silence or discouragement, and she longed very much to see Miss Russell again, who had been promising for many months to come down to the city for a visit. She felt lonely, so she composed herself for a visit with "M. K. S."

"M. K. S." had disclaimed powers of prophecy, as a rule, but sometimes Catherine was prompted by curiosity to learn if she deviated. So far she had never been able to get anything more positive than "M. K. S. thinks," or "M. K. S. believes." However, when asked to define a person's character she did so promptly and with considerable accuracy. Catherine did not believe in consulting the spirits or subconscious on matters of business. She thought that we should know conditions better than they did, and if "M. K. S." offered advice she weighed it carefully. She was not entirely convinced that "M. K. S." was not her subjective mind. But there came one message that inclined her to think differently.

She had asked "M. K. S." if she had seen her father lately, and the reply was, "M. K. S. was at his bedside some few days ago when he was sleeping."

"Will he remember?" asked Catherine.

"Yes, he will remember," was the answer.

Catherine made a mental note of this and decided to ask her father when she went home a few days later. She stopped at her sister Nella's for dinner, and after they had chatted for a few moments, Nella said, "Papa is feeling blue. A few nights ago he said our mother appeared to him and tapped him on the shoulder three times. He thinks this means that he is going to be ill or die. He says it was no dream,—that he actually *saw* her."

Catherine did not mention this incident to any one except at the Psychical Research; and she did not explain it to Nella. But she considered it more evidential than any message she had so far received. Whether "M. K. S." was the spirit of her mother or simply a manifestation of her own subconscious self, the messages played a dominant part in that they were often of an encouraging nature. They inspired Catherine to keep up her confidence in herself and in what she was to accomplish, through many a dark hour.

Franklin came in regularly twice a week and they often dined together. He was young and ambitious, and his ambition might eventually become his undoing. For in addition to his business Franklin sat

up at all hours of the night to read and study. When Catherine remonstrated he would reply, "Well, if I drink enough water it will keep me going, won't it?"

Catherine thought it doubtful. She answered, "You do not need anything to stimulate you. You have too much nervous energy anyway. In this life some of us must learn to work, and some must learn to play."

So Franklin with his nervous energy and Catherine with her composure made a well-balanced pair for friendship. They amused one another, which proved to be a good thing for them both. Quite a few months had passed when Catherine thought she would venture to see her doctor again. She was anxious to have the candid opinion of trained men like himself, for she knew it was upon their opinions that she must depend.

The doctor was genuinely glad to see her. He outlined to her what he thought were the features of the water and in what field it would find its greatest usefulness. "Sometime," he said, "I will give you a letter with my clinical observations. This, of course, will be for you to use in the profession. I have only as yet had time to make a sort of survey. When I get enough to become really convincing, then you may expect the letter."

The doctor rang his desk bell, and the doorman appeared.

"Here, James, tell Miss Summers about your experience," he said.

Whatever the experience was Catherine did not learn, for James only grinned.

"I see he does not want to tell. But I, as a doctor, can say the water has been making a man of James. All right, you may go," and James disappeared.

"Now, Miss Summers," he said, "you will have a great deal of discouragement, but you are on the right track. Keep up the good work!"

"The question which I particularly wanted to ask you was this: What in your opinion constituted the efficacy of the machine, the oxygen or the colloidal solutions or both?"

"I am not prepared to answer that. It will take more time, perhaps quite some time," he answered.

"Not much is known in this country of colloidal solutions, is there?" Catherine asked.

"No, they don't know much about them. They don't want to know."

The last statement evidently was a slip, and Catherine had the good sense not to ask questions. She knew, even at this early stage, that there was some hidden force in opposition.

"I expect great things of the colloids when they are developed,—but it takes a long time, a very long time," he added.

Catherine rose to go, for a number of patients

were waiting. "Come in again after a while, and maybe I will have something more definite for you," he told her.

Catherine continued to write to universities supposed to be interested in bettering the health of mankind. But she found none willing to be interested in oxygenating the blood through the drinking of colloidal water. She concluded that they did not think it possible to prevent disease by purifying the blood. They were all too busy isolating germs, which was all right, as far as it went but, as the nervous system developed in man, there were likely to be germs too minute to isolate. What then?

She had been told that the universities in England, and indeed the government itself, would be glad to investigate such an important theory. She made up her mind to go there and try. Then the war started, and no one could tell when it would all end. She thought it might have been her imagination, but it did seem as though there were disembodied spirits all about. She had that impression after the war started, and it persisted. However, she deemed it expedient not to speak of it, for she was trying to inculcate hard facts into hard heads. She found her greatest obstacles were the men who occupied prominent positions, but who hid behind the childish reasoning, "I don't believe."

What right had men who had never used the colloids to express an opinion, and of what value

was it after it was expressed? Even after physicians of standing had stated their experiences, she was still confronted with the vague and childish "I don't believe." They had nothing tangible to found their belief on. Catherine finally challenged one of these men. She told him she had the facts to back up her statements, and asked him to produce facts to back up his beliefs. This letter was not answered directly, but after that there was less heard of "I don't believe," from that quarter, at least.

Summer came again, and Catherine would have liked to go home more often. But since she had had a misunderstanding with her mother she had gone there only at irregular intervals. The subject of her experimenting was now never alluded to. She knew that it was purposely ignored. As that subject was uppermost in Catherine's mind, her visits home had become a few days of repression, and nothing gained. She had not been home for several months when a letter came from her sister, saying that her mother was very ill. A telegram followed, summoning her home at once.

She obeyed the summons without delay; and upon her arrival found that all of her stepmother's relatives had also been sent for. Her sister said she was glad Catherine had arrived before her mother died, as they had not thought she would live through the night. Catherine was really fond of her stepmother, although they had differed on many sub-

jects. It hurt her terribly to hear the weak voice plead for "something or somebody to help her."

The doctor came and said, "I will not come again unless sent for," and he, too, looked grieved. Catherine followed him out on the porch.

"Do you think I might give my mother some colloidal water, doctor?" she asked.

"If she can swallow it, you may if you wish to. But it is quite useless, I think. However, it can do no harm. At such times we neither thwart the relatives nor the patient."

"Thank you. Then I will try it with the help of the nurse."

Catherine procured a water boat from a neighbor and tried to have her mother take the water. The patient had now become partially unconscious. The nurse was more accustomed to the handling of invalids in this state than Catherine, so after a few minutes she undertook the feeding of the water. Everybody in the room, except Catherine, believed this procedure useless. Catherine thought when she first looked at her mother, that she must be dying of a poison which there was no known way of eliminating; and she had seen the colloidal water do some very surprising things in the way of elimination.

This was exactly what it did do, apparently. Her mother began to rally about half an hour after the nurse succeeded in getting down the first quart of water. The nurse then asked Catherine to sit up

with her, for she said she did not think the rally would be permanent. This Catherine was glad to do for the others were worn out with their vigils. However, Mrs. Summers surprised the nurse by a continued rally, and at two o'clock in the morning, insisted upon eating. The nurse warned Catherine that "this was a very bad sign. But we may as well indulge her. The doctor says that nothing matters."

Catherine cut a generous piece of sponge cake, and her mother ate it with relish. She then asked for some bread and milk. The nurse thought this a still more "ominous sign," but Catherine simply said:

"The poison has been eliminated, as you see and know. It is but natural that she should be hungry now, for she is relieved of what was killing her." Still the nurse was unconvinced. "You will see her sink again, and that will be the last," she predicted.

"Well, then, suppose we give her the bread and milk, for that will be the last thing she will ask for, according to your theory," said Catherine.

"I suppose we might just as well," and she then prepared the bread and milk, which Mrs. Summers also ate.

In the morning the doctor was sent for again. To his profound amazement he found the patient's heart improved, and general conditions satisfactory. He would not admit that the water had the influence,

and Catherine did not press the subject. She knew that it took many observations to prove a fact. But in time, she expected to have them.

Mrs. Summers continued to improve very slowly. But considering that she had little on which to build, it was all that could be expected, the doctor said. But the event naturally brought Catherine into renewed favor with her stepmother. It had been Catherine's wish that her mother should live to see that she was justified in persevering with her experiments. She had not expected, however, to meet with so dramatic a demonstration in her own family.

As Catherine's mother had never drunk the water before her illness, and her father had been equally obdurate, it seemed a stroke of good fortune that she should have had this chance to demonstrate its curative properties. The doctor was liberal, and he offered to make some observations.

The next day those who had been called to mourn went home to rejoice, and Catherine was amongst them. They had not harbored the least faith in her work, any more than Mrs. Summers had. But now they were inclined to look with more respect on her "fad," and encouraged her to talk about it. This was a new turn in the trend of events.

CHAPTER III

Months went by. But Catherine did not accomplish what she expected to do. She only succeeded in getting a bit of information here and there. In spite of her earnest endeavors to get help not one of our great universities with its unlimited resources opened its doors to her. No rich man put up a farthing. What little help she did get was given by people who had to make sacrifices in order to aid her. Not one of our great public laboratories with all its philanthropically endowed millions cared to give her idea a try-out.

What should interest the people most, as a whole? The commonwealth, Catherine thought. The gift of health and longevity to future generations. The physical and metaphysical survival of the human race. Yet the interest of the average person centered, primarily, on himself. This, unfortunately, has always been the greatest difficulty in putting any new thing across. If the individual is not interested he is apt to remain indifferent. But that this should also be true of the great universities, the learned medical societies, and the immense laboratories, was a revelation to Catherine.

The summer of 1916 came, and with it the epi-

demic of poliomyelitis, more popularly known as infantile paralysis. Now Catherine had no means of knowing from observation that her machine would be of use. But most intelligent persons do know that if the blood is very pure there is far less danger of catching any disease. So she offered all the machines she had made to the Health Commissioner. He was, presumably, too busy with his staff "isolating the germ," as he called it, to think anything about pure blood being a valuable precaution; so her offer was refused. Though this evasive germ was reported "isolated" many times, a specific was not forthcoming. The germ was reported so much "isolated" that Catherine began to have a fellow feeling for it. She knew what it was to be isolated, and did not doubt but that some people would have liked to "isolate" her still more.

During her rounds in this epidemic she met a Dr. Howell, who happened to be using the colloids. She told him of her work and immediately they became friends. He asked her to go with him to see some cases and watch the developments. She was very glad of this opportunity. She had loaned out her machines, independent of the Health Commissioner, and she could devote her time to doing whatever good there was to do. She watched Dr. Howell's cases with keen interest. The doctor's patients were mostly at their summer homes, and long rides had to be taken. But the information Catherine gath-

ered on colloids repaid her for all her trouble. The doctor sent a suggestion to one of the newspapers, for they were then publishing the remedies suggested by different doctors daily, so hoping to find a remedy that could be brought into general use quickly.

At the very height of the epidemic, Catherine received a letter from her sister Nella, saying that her doctor was convinced that she had had infantile paralysis when she was very young, and that had caused her present lameness. He wanted her to give some immune blood; but Nella's husband opposed this, saying that Nella was not strong enough.

Catherine, being the younger, could not remember her sister's illness. Nor could she remember her own; but she had been told that they both came down with the mysterious disease the same day. She had entirely recovered, but Nella had never gotten over the lameness. As a girl, Nella had been more robust than Catherine. But now the case was reversed. Immediately Catherine thought that if she could be useful to those who were battling with the epidemic, even though they were not fighting in the most efficient way, that it became her duty to assist them. She asked her doctor for his advice. His opinion was the same as that of Nella's doctor, that she had had the paralysis and recovered.

Catherine then lost no time in going to the Willard Parker Hospital. There she met another offer-

ing blood, a buxom young woman who was giving *her* blood to save her brother. Together with a number of doctors from out of town who were making observations they proceeded to the operating room, all enveloped in white. Catherine was selected first, possibly for the reason that her composure might lend confidence to the other young woman. She mounted the table and stretched out her arm over the table adjoining. The attending physician proceeded to try to locate the vein. In Catherine's case the vein happened to be deep. The physician had some trouble in finding it, and he was taken with a violent nose-bleed himself, much to the amusement of the other physicians.

When he did succeed in finding it the blood was of a very bright red, and one of the physicians remarked that it looked like arterial blood. This made the nose-bleed rather worse, for that would have been a serious mistake, indeed. Catherine felt sorry for the attending physician, although the situation was not an easy one for herself. She vouchsafed the information, at this juncture, that her blood was very bright in color, and that she thought he had the vein. He said he knew he had from the lack of pulsation. As the blood flowed, Catherine felt peculiar glow and exhilaration; she became very warm, and her cheeks became brightly flushed. She could feel the blood ebbing away from her, but its passing had no terror.

"How much do you weigh?" asked the attending physician.

"About a hundred and forty," said Catherine.

"I think we have enough, then," he said, "there are twelve ounces here."

"You may have more if you wish—I do not mind it," Catherine told him.

"No, but we might want you again in about three weeks, so think this will be sufficient. Will you give us your name for publication?"

"No, not for publication. I am not looking for that sort of reward. I came to help the authorities in the way they have chosen to battle with the epidemic. If I have helped some poor children I shall be glad."

One of the doctors tried to assist her from the table. But she got up readily before he could help her and went in to get her hat and wrap. The attending physician, on seeing her intention to leave at once, remonstrated.

"No, you had better rest here a while," he said, in an excited way, "for if anything happens it will be blamed on me."

Then one of the visiting doctors came over and said, "You have most extraordinary reactive powers, but I would advise you not to go out too soon. It is not customary after the loss of so much blood. Better be on the safe side."

The attending physician called a nurse and asked her to take charge of Miss Summers in the waiting room. Now Catherine could not see the necessity of so much solicitude being shown for her. She felt perfectly well, rather overstimulated, if anything. She did not want to lie down, and she wouldn't. After a parley, she persuaded the nurse to get her "white envelope," as she called it, and she would visit the wards. She wanted to see the children. She went through the wards and saw some very pitiful sights. She was glad that she could do her mite. But she felt that the colloids would help all these children more than the blood. It was more than half an hour before the doctor sent for Catherine. Then they all marched off together in white regalia, looking very much like a masquerade party, Catherine thought.

The other young woman who gave blood was not so fortunate as Catherine. She felt faint after they had left the hospital. Catherine took her to her car.

"You had better get home right away, yourself," she advised Catherine. "You may have some kind of a reaction later on."

"I do not feel weak, and I hope that I do not look sick. Good-by." She helped the girl on the car. "I hope you get home safely."

"Thanks. And the same to you."

Catherine walked up to Twenty-third Street, attended to some business, and took a car home. But the predicted "reaction" did not come.

Catherine continued to do what she could during the epidemic. But she was unable to gather much information. For the poorer people, with whom she had left most of the machines, were unmethodical, and she was not able to rely on what they said. The doctors, too, were mostly too busy to make observations. Shortly after the epidemic, however, she received two letters which seemed to indicate that the other machines had done some good. One specific case was that from the father of a family who were summering at Sharon, Connecticut. Two of the children were stricken with what was pronounced to be poliomyelitis by the attending physician. One of the children became completely paralyzed in both legs and on one side of the face.

The doctor they had summoned seemed to know but little about the disease. But at the request of a well-known New York physician one of Catherine's Acquaintances was sent for. The children were given from six to eight glasses of the water each day, and their recovery was complete except for a slight facial paralysis which remained in the younger one. In view of the fact that no medicine or massage was given the cure resulting from only the free use of the water seemed little short of miraculous.

Catherine continued to go to see different cases

with Dr. Howell until the epidemic was practically over. Her knowledge of colloidal suspension and colloidal medication was considerably augmented by this experience. She had probably never been more enthusiastic than after the epidemic. She urged the doctor to write an article and cite his cases, which he did. But it so happened that he submitted it to a medical journal whose policy seemed to oppose colloids.

"Why do they oppose colloids?" asked Catherine.

"You cannot expect," said the doctor, "institutions that are heavily endowed for the purpose of finding specific remedies, to support the colloids—it would not be their policy to do so."

"Let them continue to try to isolate the germ," said Catherine. "But why not save life when it is possible?"

"Evidently, that method does not seem to be to their best interests," he told her.

After the epidemic was entirely over Catherine collected her Aquators, as they were called. She left two or three where the families were sickly, which was all she thought she could afford. Some of the machines had been badly treated and they all had to go back to the shop to be put in repair again. This made her quite some work and extra expense.

It had now been some months since Catherine had heard from Miss Russell. So she was greatly pleased to get a letter stating that she had taken a little

apartment and was coming down for a few months to New York. She asked Catherine to come to dinner the following Wednesday as she hoped to be settled by that time. She did not want Catherine to come before she had her things in order, for she simply wanted to have one of their good old-time chats again. This was great news for Catherine, who looked forward with impatience to the next Wednesday. Although she had written to Miss Russell it had been many months since she had seen her. There was so much to tell that had not been written.

Wednesday night came at last, and Catherine went up to the little apartment on upper Broadway. It was in one of the older apartments, but very pretty. There was no elevator, and Catherine, fairly throbbing with expectation, climbed the white marble stairs.

She knocked at the door, but there was no response. She thought that she might have knocked at the wrong apartment. But no, there was Miss Russell's card, plainly enough. She took out her purse then, and reread the letter. She rang the bell again, wondering what the mistake could be. Then she knocked very hard. Still there came no answer. Foreboding came over her. What if her dear friend had been there alone and had been stricken with some sudden disease?

Her knocking had summoned a very kindly-faced

woman from the adjoining apartment. She looked at Catherine for a few minutes as if debating with herself on what she should say. She had a difficult task before her, apparently.

"Miss Russell was taken very sick here the day after she came to town, I believe. The janitor telegraphed her relatives and two of them came, but she never knew them. Then she died, after only three days' illness."

Catherine felt dizzy. The woman took her hand. "Won't you come in and sit down?" she asked, kindly. "I did not know that you were a particular friend of hers, or I should asked you before."

Down the marble stair Catherine saw through the haze of her grief a big window with a wide seat. "I want air. I will be all right then."

The lady guided her down the steps and Catherine was soon revived by taking deep breaths from the open window. The lady apologized for having been so abrupt in breaking the sad news.

"I thought they would have informed her immediate friends. But, you see, she died only yesterday and I suppose they have not had time. They took her body away this morning."

During the moments that the woman talked, Catherine was thinking somewhat in the panoramic way of people in their last moments when they are drowning. So many things passed in swift review. But she seemed to hear perfectly what the woman

said. It seemed she had two active minds, one thinking with great rapidity, the other slowly noting every word that fell from the lips of the strange lady. When she asserted her will long enough to ask, "Who was the doctor?" the strange duality disappeared.

"He was Dr. Shelley, a very good doctor. The janitor came right to me and I sent for him at once. It was a sort of pneumonia, the doctor said, and they had no known remedy for it."

This last remark caused Catherine's face to become blanched.

"Yes, there is a remedy," she said, quickly. "If they had only sent for me! I might have helped her!"

"Are you a physician?" the lady asked.

"No, I'm not a physician. But I know physicians. Some are very skillful in treating what is known as the new pneumonia. She might have been saved. Oh, if I had only known in time!"

"But I don't think there was any hope. She was more or less unconscious from the time she first took sick."

"Yes, I know the symptoms of the disease. But there is a remedy. She could at least have had a chance! But she didn't—she didn't!" Then Catherine in her grief reproached herself for not coming right up as soon as she had the letter. She could have helped with the moving. Miss Russell

had wanted to have everything nice for *her*; that was like her, always so unselfish.

“It is very kind of you to have done what you could. That which you omitted was not your fault. In fact, it was nobody’s fault exactly. It just had to be. Now I thank you very sincerely for taking care of her. But this is a dreadful loss to me—she was the dearest friend I ever had, and I never expect to find another like her,” said Catherine.

“I am so sorry for you. Won’t you let me give you a cup of tea before you go? It is all ready.”

Catherine had noticed a maid come to the door twice without speaking.

“No thank you, I am quite all right now. I thank you very much for your kindness to my friend and to me. But I will not keep you longer now.”

“If there is anything further I can do I shall be very glad.”

Catherine’s thoughts as she rode home were filled with regret,—regret that she had not insisted that Miss Russell drink the water. She had told Catherine that she could not drink water, so she had not sent her a machine. She regretted that she had not gone directly to Miss Russell’s as soon as she had received the letter. For then, even if she had been taken ill of this fatal pneumonia Catherine knew that she would have had a very good chance of recovery. She realized as never before the tragic truth of the words of the couplet,

“Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these,
It might have been!”

She went directly home, having forgotten to eat her dinner. As she sat in her favorite chair looking over at the brilliantly lighted windows of a church opposite a feeling of consolation came over her. She seemed to feel the presence of her friend; and her grief and regret passed away as though they had been but a transient cloud. Catherine had neglected to have her accustomed talks with “M. K. S.” but now she felt prompted again. She rose from the easy chair and took her pencil. Immediately the writing came: “M. K. S. thinks that your friend will be of more help to you here than she was while on the earth plane. She will join the psychic forces that are trying to aid you. There are some who ‘though they be dead, still do they live,’ and more and more will this be the case.”

Since her stay in Brooklyn Catherine had resumed an acquaintanceship with a Mr. Jerome, who had been an old friend of Mr. Burrell’s, and his friend was also a former acquaintance, a Miss Sutton. These two friends were interested in psychic phenomena and Catherine desired to have “M. K. S.” give them some messages sometime. But “M. K. S.” remained obdurate. She insisted that she did not want to meet strangers. Finally this evening she consented

to go with Catherine the following night. This was the first occasion upon which Catherine had tried her automatic writing before any one. On account of the reluctance of "M. K. S." she only half expected her to appear, although "M. K. S." had promised Catherine that she would never fail her.

When she arrived at Miss Sutton's apartment there were also another lady and gentleman there, whom Miss Sutton said she had not expected. Catherine sat down to write, but not without some misgivings. The pencil started in a few moments, rather to her surprise. But the sentence it wrote was totally irrelevant: "M. K. S. thinks the story of the Lady or the Tiger is grossly exaggerated."

Catherine had never received irrelevant messages before. She smiled at this, as did the others.

"Ask her if she has any personal messages for any of us," said Mr. Jerome, and Catherine wrote this at the top of a fresh page. The answer came: "M. K. S. does not feel well enough acquainted to give any messages of a personal character."

It appeared obvious that "M. K. S." was not pleased. Then Catherine asked if she could give the auras of the different persons in the room. This she did. But she obstinately refused to admit that there was any white in the auras of the visiting man and woman. Catherine hoped that they did not know what this omission signified. She did insist, however, that there was much red. Catherine began

to feel like a mother who tries to show off a child that persistently tells the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. She thought it might become still more embarrassing if continued. So she did not allow her hand to move again. She simply asserted herself, and so the writing was discontinued.

When the strange lady with her husband left early, Catherine tried again.

"Ask her if they sleep," said Mr. Jerome. The reply was almost immediate. "No, we do not sleep as mortals do. For we do not lose consciousness. But we do rest. M. K. S."

"Ask her if they eat," he continued.

The reply was: "M. K. S. cannot say that we eat exactly as mortals do, but we do imbibe, or drink in, that which sustains us. But we do not masticate our food and we do not have it to digest."

"Will you repeat what you once said about the regeneration of the world?" Catherine asked.

"M. K. S. said that the regeneration of the world would be brought about by those who come over, who are unselfish and of high intelligence, remaining on the earth plane instead of progressing at once. These will unite and form a psychic force which will overcome the corrupted powers of the earth. If the world does not become better the races will destroy each other. For knowledge has grown faster than morality or unselfishness. The wise must learn that unselfishness is the only salvation of the physical

world, as well as the spiritual world. They are commencing to learn this now."

"Ask her how she is dressed," suggested Miss Sutton.

"Ha! ha! You can't get a woman off that subject even when she gets to Heaven," laughed Mr. Jerome.

"M. K. S. is clothed in white which is opalescent. We do not wear ornaments here."

Catherine read the message, and Mr. Jerome remarked, "Lots of women won't want to go to heaven, then, I suspect."

"That wouldn't influence me," said Miss Sutton, who was the picture of demureness.

"It is late," said Catherine, "and I have to rise early."

Miss Sutton said, "Thank your mother for coming, and for her messages."

"She will hear you without my writing it, or even your saying it, I think," said Catherine.

When Catherine got to her own room she took a moment to ask "M. K. S." why she had objected to the couple at Miss Sutton's. The answer came: "M. K. S. did not object to the couple, but she had been asked to meet only the two friends who were believers. M. K. S. does not care to give messages to those who are strangers to you."

"Would you, dear M. K. S., mind meeting Prof. Hyslop in a private séance?"

"No, M. K. S. would not mind meeting Prof. Hyslop, but you would. Good-night." (Concerning this message Catherine did not know at the time, but later learned, that Prof. Hyslop, in his desire to be just, was sometimes very stern, and mediums often became confused.)

This was very much to the point, Catherine thought, and it made her smile. She wrote "Good-night" under the message, and then prepared to retire. She thought over the evening's messages and decided that it would be best to arrange the personnel of any meeting in future to suit "M. K. S." But she did not think that she would ask her to meet company again immediately. In a way, she could understand the reluctance of "M. K. S."

Since the illness of Catherine's stepmother, she had visited home more often, and was desirous of seeing her stepmother get entirely well. But it was doubtful if she would ever regain her sight, and this was very disturbing to one of Mrs. Summer's active mind. For this reason she required entertaining and she now looked forward appreciatively to Catherine's coming with some new ideas on some subject of interest to her. In this way the breach that had threatened to become serious was healed as far as Catherine and her mother were concerned. But Nella, although she had a very sweet and lovely disposition, had not forgotten the fact that the

house had smelled of smoke for some months after one of Catherine's experiments. Nella's husband had never been opposed to Catherine's experimenting. He abhorred "art," and for that reason he felt inclined to encourage what he chose to call "Catherine's budding inventive genius." He was also probably aware that all the opposition in the world could not change the determination of Catherine, so he was wise enough not to try.

Catherine had now taken a small office on Thirty-fourth street. She found that without her studio this was a necessity. While she expected to continue making different types of machines, yet she believed the main experimenting was over. She had perfected a very small machine which could be attached to any faucet. This she took with her when she went for her weekly visits, for this type she used constantly. The forms of machines for medical purposes would be sold to doctors only, or upon doctor's prescriptions. Franklin urged her to finance the machine. But Catherine was too conservative to want to let go of her hard-earned product. "Besides," she said: "I have not yet finished my observations. It would be easy for some Company without a conscience to advertise it to accomplish what it could not do and thus bring contumely on a great invention."

She was conservative enough in claiming credit

for what it really did do. But she desired to put forth no false claims, and thought it safer to keep the machine within her own control.

With the change in the City Administration Catherine had thought it worth while to again try to direct interest toward the colloids and to have them installed, along with the anti-toxins, in the City Laboratory. Her friend, Mr. Hawke, was indefatigable, but beyond gathering some observations these efforts were not fruitful.

"Well," said Mr. Hawke, after seeing herculean efforts put forth accomplished so little, "perhaps it is only natural for those who have worked in vaccines and serums all their lives to fight the colloids. Suppose we transfer our attention from the Laboratory to the Commissioner?" And he gave her a letter which she afterward used. Dr. Hopewell was the Commissioner's name, and a very appropriate one it was, too. For he was permeated with hope which he had the ability to convey to others. Catherine was very much encouraged when she left after the first interview. In a few weeks, however, she became very much disheartened again. She thought it might require a continuous series of interviews to cause any one to remain in a hopeful condition. If this good doctor had not taken up medical science he would have made a shining mark in that science which insists that "What is, isn't," or an excellent exponent of the theory of mental suggestion.

Catherine now took a few of her friends to Dr. Howell. Some came from great distances and she watched with interest cases of rheumatism and tuberculosis. The latter seemed to be cured, even when they came from warmer climates. A specific case was that of Elizabeth M——, eighteen, pretty, full of life and fun, who was stricken with the “new pneumonia” during March. She had been employed as a ‘stuffer’ in a doll studio and the woman for whom she worked had had a business friendship with Catherine. She had taken a personal liking to pretty lively little Elizabeth, and she now came with tears to implore Catherine’s help.

Elizabeth had been removed from her home to a hospital in a critical condition. Even the driver of the ambulance, a young and romantic boy, had been moved to pity when he carried her out, so lovely and fragile was she with the burning red of her round cheeks in contrast to the dead white of her hands and forehead. “Roses and lilies, she looks like,” he said, and he brought her a bunch of roses every other day after that, and made many anxious inquiries to find out if she was going to get better again.

Catherine went to the hospital at once and was told by the nurse there that the disease had developed into galloping or acute consumption and that she could not possibly live longer than six weeks. Catherine was unsuccessful in her attempt to have

the colloids administered at the hospital, and Dr. Howell suggested that she be taken home again. Conditions in Elizabeth's home were about the worst that could have been imagined for she lived in a basement in an east side tenement where the streets were congested and the air was laden with foul odors. But Catherine and the doctor were tireless in their care of her, making a desperate fight to vanquish the Grim Reaper. And, after a time they won the victory. Elizabeth slowly rallied her strength and was able to go back to work again by September 15, having gained twenty-one pounds.

Catherine was now getting the opinions of quite a few doctors; not only upon the machines but also upon the colloids generally. She became even more interested, as a result; but she still made little headway. June came, and then July, 1918. The influenza epidemic was then raging in Europe, and any person with the least perception must have seen that it would eventually reach America. The vessels were going back and forth with greater and greater volumes of men and merchandise. In times of peace the danger might have been checked, but not now, thought Catherine. She importuned Mr. Hawke, her friend in the City Administration, to use his efforts to have sufficient colloids made, as she was sure they would be useful when the epidemic broke. Now, Mr. Hawke made repeated efforts, this Catherine knew; but they were as impotent as her own.

It was in July that Catherine had an interview with the Deputy Commissioner, Dr. Hopewell being out of town. If she could have seen Dr. Hopewell she probably would not have been so hopeless, for the effect of his words, though only temporary, was always encouraging. As it was, she felt discouraged, but still determined. She thought she would stop and as a last resort interview Mr. Hawke, who was always amiable in spite of the misnomer of his name. He had always been indefatigable in Catherine's behalf. Apparently she had the good wishes of all the departments except the one with which she had mostly to deal. This good will, she thought, had been brought about by the tireless efforts of Mr. Hawke. Catherine was provoked into saying some very disrespectful things about the administration.

"Do you know what I am going to do?" asked Catherine.

"No," said Mr. Hawke, remaining calm, however. "What?"

"I am going to write a book." As Catherine made no pretensions to literary talent she thought this would be sufficiently shocking to disturb Mr. Hawke. On the contrary it seemed a harmless pastime, and Mr. Hawke looked relieved because Catherine's declaration would not cause him to look about for a cyclone cellar.

"Well, what is it to be about?" he asked.

"It is going to be about this epidemic that is coming. You won't prepare for it. You all sit around like a lot of noodles."

"'Noodles,'" protested Hawke, rather feebly. "Why noodles are a kind of dough which they put in soup."

"Exactly. You men are rather like dough, aren't you? And you will go in the soup eventually, all right, if you continue to sit around and let people die. It is going to be the same thing over again as it was in the infantile paralysis epidemic—no remedy ready. Any one with half an eye can see that the influenza will reach here. Why sit supinely and wait for it? Why not get ready?"

"You have certainly done your part," said Mr. Hawke. "But it is too warm a day to be so in earnest. Better have a cool drink when you go out." Catherine left the Municipal Building in a state of exasperation, feeling that she had failed. For several days she wondered if there was a higher power in the government that would help her. She knew the policy of those influencing the Medical Corps in Washington. They were opposed to colloids, for she had tried that out thoroughly.

Catherine knew perfectly well that to write to the President on this matter only meant that it would be referred to those to whom she had already written. But she did have the inspiration to write to him as Head of the Red Cross and suggest that the

organization be continued after the war as a means of preventing disease. At the end she suggested that the colloids could be used to advantage the coming winter in the new diseases. This letter was replied to by the Surgeon of the Red Cross. But while the Red Cross continued to do its good work the colloids were not installed anywhere. Nor was any move made that way though the dreaded disease drew nearer day by day.

CHAPTER IV

One morning Catherine found in her mail what looked like a wedding announcement. She opened the square flat letter to find that it was from Mills. She had learned, long ago, that Mills was not one to become interested in what she had been trying to accomplish. He had been primarily interested in getting married. Perfectly natural, thought Catherine; but she did not see why a man could not marry, and at the same time be interested in humanity as a whole. Catherine had no doubt but that the bride would lead an interesting life; she would not be bored with monotony. As he had told Catherine he intended to marry sometime she had not expected him to take the breaking of their friendship too seriously. He had arrived at that practical age when he did not allow emotion to overcome reason. This suited Catherine, who had no desire to be a heart breaker. But she wished he had been big enough to conceive an interest in her work. She was commencing to realize that the world was a pretty selfish one. The race, as a whole, was a primitive one, and the instinct to preserve their own skins was still dominant.

Ignorance is often called "darkness." But it is not so easy as that explanation would imply. For the darkness of space offers no impediment to the penetration of light. But the human mind often offers a specific resistance to the entrance of a new idea. Especially if it is such a large idea that the mental faculties must rearrange their established order before room can be found for it. Knowledge not possessed by one's self is all too often spoken slightly of; and the egoism of the individual remains impenetrable.

"I can," thought Catherine, "now that I have almost perfect health and am able to retain it by my own device, go back to the studio life and live far easier and better without the unpleasant conditions I am now fighting. If the officials chosen by the people are willing that the public should live and die in the old way when there is a better one, why should I care?"

She could but smile at the vehement opposition of health officials to health. She did not often get in this mood, but it seemed as though she could feel the presage of coming disaster—it had told on her nerves. She had done what she could to warn and prepare. Now she could do nothing but wait.

Franklin was in the banking business and he persuaded Catherine that she ought to enlist some capital and get a stock of machines made if she was so sure that the epidemic was coming. So

Catherine went to a brokerage house on lower Broadway. They were friends of Franklin rather than herself. One of their clients took quite an interest. He asked for a machine and had the water examined. While the examination proved satisfactory, the offer he made Catherine was far from being satisfactory to her. She then told the man, who seemed kindly, that the epidemic was imminent, and she wanted to get a sufficient number of machines made to do some good at such a time. Either because his interest was not sufficiently aroused or because he was too much taken up with money-making, he did not let her have the amount she needed. Catherine left him, feeling that the Great Financial Center was a poor place to come to get money for a vital cause.

As she passed the firm where Mr. Burrell was once a partner she saw that they were still in business, only minus his name. As she knew one of the partners, she thought she would call in, tell him what she was doing, and ask for a card to the gallery of the Exchange. Somehow, she wanted to look at the excited groups. She went into the same little office that she knew so well. One of the firm happened to be in. But it had been such a great length of time, and Catherine had so changed in appearance, that he did not at first recognize her. She had, therefore, to explain that she used to come there some years ago when Mr. Burrell was one of the firm.

"Oh, yes! Yes, indeed, I remember! But what have you been doing that you've managed to grow old backwards? You are so changed. I certainly would like to know your secret."

This left a good opening for Catherine, and she gave a short sketch of her work.

"This sounds interesting, very interesting. It is possible that when I have finished marketing a certain issue I might take it up. It is a shame you did not have some one like Mr. Burrell to back you. He had a large acquaintance on the other side, and could have handled your product successfully, I'm sure."

Catherine abruptly changed the subject. "I came to ask, Mr. Baxter, if you would give me a card. I just took a fancy to go up into the gallery of the Exchange."

"Most certainly," and he took a firm card from the desk and wrote a message on it. "Just present this at the door, you know."

"I thank you very much. I used to go occasionally, but it was a very long time ago." She shook hands with Mr. Baxter, who said: "Come in at some future time. I rather think you have a good thing."

Catherine went around to the ornate but really beautiful building of the "Exchange," and up into the gallery. It happened to be a dull month, but there seemed to be excitement about one or two

posts; there the storm, as it were, seemed to center. The appearance of so many active arms and legs, with now and then a head visible, amused Catherine for a moment, as of yore. Then the enormous amounts of money they were bidding occurred to her and she thought how much good she could do with just a very little of it. Again she heard what seemed to be the rumbling preceding the storm, and it was coming nearer, and becoming louder. Then these men would give their very souls to save their lives, and all their money would not help them—then. Their money would not help them, and though she could help, the very little *she* asked had been denied. “The Great Financial Center,” she thought, bitterly. There may have been much nobility in their characters, much that was fine and big and worthy of survival. But they were playing the Game—the Money Game, and many had failed to find their greatest and best selves, their souls within their souls. They had not made their own acquaintance, so absorbing was the Game. As the coming epidemic was uppermost in her mind she could not help wondering how many had played the Game so squarely that they could look Death in the face with a smile. She wondered if they understood what she could do toward the savings of lives if there would be many to help. But they did not want to understand. She might go back and ask Mr. Baxter. Only he had said he

was too busy just then with another issue. So she gave up her quest in the Great Financial Center.

Then she went directly to her manufacturer and explained the situation. He was far from being a rich man. But Catherine told him of the coming epidemic and that she believed she had accomplished some good, though she could not gather much data, in the paralysis epidemic just passed. They had been mostly the children of the very poor whom she had helped, although a couple of the well-to-do families had thanked her for the prompt and rather miraculous recovery of their children. Moreover, people who drank the water were not subject to grippe. "The influenza is, of course, more virulent," Catherine explained.

"How many do you want to loan out?" he asked.

"I would like to loan out a hundred, anyway."

"Well, then, I'll go you twenty-five, and you can pay me when you are able. I suppose that I get one for my family?"

"You surely do," said Catherine.

"Maybe you will find some other poor man who will help you out," said the old fellow. "I don't mind tellin' you that I looked you up and it said you came from a rich family."

This appeared to Catherine as though the old fellow thought her family would pay if she did not.

"Oh, you must not do this with the idea that anyone but me will pay," she protested.

"No, I don't expect pay from any one else. I jes' meant to say that some poor folks are more charitable than rich ones."

"Rich people have a great many calls made upon them, too. Maybe they become calloused."

"Maybe they do," said the old man, dubiously.

A few days after her experience in Wall Street she received a letter from the man who had refused her money. He sent a check sufficient to build thirty machines and said that she need not trouble to return it. This cheered Catherine considerably. The epidemic, however, came on apace, and before Catherine could get out her new machines she was kept more or less busy with those she had on hand. She followed the same plan as she done done previously. It brought her no material return and but very little data. She could not heap coals of fire on Dr. Hopewell's head by offering her blood now, as blood would not be required. Catherine thought that this particular water was, and she administered it faithfully. She had even let her personal machine go and was now without one of her own for more than a week.

Late one afternoon she felt feverish and dizzy. She had not told her doctor when she had seen him. For she knew that he would probably put her to bed. She decided that she was not so very sick, or he

would have noticed it. She went home and telephoned a friend to bring her machine around. This friend was a Mrs. Thompson, who was secretary for a very prominent surgeon and she had been benefited by the colloidal water. She was shocked to find Catherine without her little machine at such a time. She was so thoroughly shocked that Catherine decided it might be unwise to ask for the loan of hers at such a time. Finally she solved the problem by having a pailful of water treated, and placed by the bed with a cup.

"This gives me an idea," she said. "I can just take a machine around and treat a pailful at a time at a number of houses each day. This will help to overcome the shortage of machines."

"Yes," said Mrs. Thompson, "you might do that, but I should not advise your starting in to-morrow. I should think that after what you have done for others you would be entitled to having a physician yourself, even if you are busy."

"I'll drink this pail of water to-night and then go and see a doctor to-morrow. But they are so overworked and so tired out that I haven't the heart to ask one to come here. There is much said about the heroes of war and it is right that there should be; but there is not much said about the heroes and heroines of peace. These are the doctors and nurses who are battling now. They should have monuments raised for them and poems written to them,

too. But this will probably never be done. People just take it as a matter of course."

"Yes, that is true. Everybody is so busy with their own affairs that they do not think of heroes unless they are spectacular."

"Are you sure that you will be comfortable?" asked Mrs. Thompson, as she rose to go. "Have you any one you can call on in the night?"

"Yes, my landlady sleeps next door and all I have to do is to tap on the wall."

"I'll ring up in the morning and find out how you are, anyway. Every one has to take care of himself, at a time like this; and you should, particularly. Try to get some rest. Good night," said Mrs. Thompson.

Catherine could not rest, but she broke up her fever. Still she did not feel well, by any means, so she went to see Dr. Howell. As she had no fever whatever she did not think her illness likely to become serious. He gave her a treatment of colloids. She was curious about the possible effect of the colloidal hypodermic.

The following day she felt still better. But she thought it would be a good idea to go to places where her doctor would send her, and take a machine. She could get them to drinking water until he could get to them. He was now so well acquainted with the water that she knew she could aid him materially.

So she called at his office. When she entered she was greatly shocked at his appearance.

"I am glad you came, for I want the machines looked after," he said.

"But, doctor," she protested, "nothing can save you if you do not rest. I will attend to them immediately. But you have changed—terribly. You should have a doctor yourself, now."

"Oh, it's nothing, I guess. I'm just tired."

"I came to see if I could help you. I know that from your very large practise that you cannot get to all your patients as soon as you would like. Can I go and get them started by giving the water until you can get there?"

"I should want to see them first," he said, "but of course there were those I should have seen to-day again, but couldn't. Well, yes, I think you could help. But I will have to speak to them first so that they will understand that I have sent you. I am so very busy, though, that I can't give you very accurate data."

"That will not matter, so long as I can help you."

"You are not afraid, are you?"

"No, not at all. I have been going around in it all of the time. I let my machine go and was without one for a week. I thought I had contracted a case of it, but Dr. Howell thought not."

"Forsaking your old doctor, eh?"

"No, only I wanted to try the colloids hypodermically."

"So you made the excuse that you were sick? Well, the change in yourself is wonderful since you have used the water. I don't believe that you would have gone through this epidemic if there had not been a change in your condition from what it was some years ago."

"I will have to be going, doctor. I hope that I shall be able to help you. Here are my two 'phone numbers."

"Call me up at one to-morrow and I will give you a few names. My head is in such a condition that anything extra to remember now is a burden. I'm going to get the machines to the new pavilion of the Hospital; then I shall give you some observations worth while."

"I have kept you too long. Get a rest, for pity's sake. I'll fix the machines immediately but nothing will save you if you don't rest," said Catherine, looking at him anxiously.

"Yes, yes, I'll try, thank you. Good-by."

Catherine had her misgivings. She felt blue, and guessed everybody else was. At one, the following day, she called the doctor and he gave her a list of names and addresses. The plan was for her to take a machine which was not too heavy and treat enough water so that the family could drink plentifully. The places were reasonably near together and she

could make several calls in the afternoon. The arrangement seemed to work very well, but it was not destined to last.

A few days later when she phoned to say that she could attend to some more cases she received the shocking news that the doctor had died that morning while in his automobile making his seventeenth call of the morning, simply worn out. Catherine realized that she had lost one of her best friends in the medical profession. Many a poor family had lost a real friend, too, as well as a good doctor.

That night Catherine sat in deep thought, wondering how it was that so good and useful a man should have been taken from his great work while the selfish and mercenary were only too often left. She had not taken many messages from "M. K. S." for the reason that she had felt so exhausted from her labors that she thought she had best conserve her strength. Now, however, she felt a strong call. So in the dim light she took her pencil and arranged her paper. The pencil wrote almost immediately:

"M. K. S. thinks that if the world does not grow better that mortals must cease to exist."

"This," thought Catherine, "is but the reflection of my own mind. It is simply my subconscious self writing these messages." How would the effect be, she wondered, if she should force herself to believe that she was very happy and contented and confident? She had a strong will, and succeeded fairly

well in disciplining her mental state. Then she again took up the pencil. It wrote:

“M. K. S. is not going to say just what the peculiar effect of your delusion is upon her writing but she cannot bring the same forces to bear as when you are more natural.”

Catherine felt rebuked. She then allowed her hand to become passive but asked no mental question. After a few minutes the following message came:

“M. K. S. thinks that the influence of your good doctor will be continued on earth. He will be both forceful and useful. Do not mourn him as lost. He will join the ever increasing phalanx here that is working for ‘Peace on Earth, Good Will towards Men.’” This gave Catherine a measure of the encouragement she so sorely needed.

Then the pencil went on: “M. K. S. thinks that some scientists take an illogical position. They insist upon the indestructibility of matter; but they also insist on the destructibility of the spirit. The spirit cannot be destroyed. It is true that those whose minds are taken up entirely with the material things have very little when they come over and it takes them ages and ages to develop. But, however small they may be when they are freed from the physical body, they cannot be entirely destroyed.”

Catherine had seen an inordinate amount of selfishness and greed. In despondent moments she had

sometimes wondered why God did not launch a new flood and make a fresh start. But on reflection she concluded that this would not be practicable nowadays; for the selfish would all scramble and get on the availing boats, and the weak and unaggressive ones would be left behind as happens to-day in the subway rushes. The mean and selfish ones would be the survivors, and the world would become worse than ever.

She now wrote out this question: "What becomes of those who are cruel and selfish, who destroy not only bodies, but even try to destroy the souls of other mortals?"

"M. K. S. does not feel that she should speak on this subject. The Bible is given as a guide for mankind. When properly interpreted the answer is there. It was written at a time when people were simple and primitive; the metaphors were adapted to the minds of the people at that time. The advanced minds will be able to interpret properly. The danger results because of the narrowness of mind of the literal interpreter."

Catherine sat for several minutes waiting, but nothing more came. Finally the pencil wrote very slowly: "You are weary. It is best that you rest now. Good night."

She was weary indeed, and, yes, discouraged, too. Why, when she could have done so much, was she permitted to do so little? Whose prejudice, indif-

ference or selfishness was preventing her from doing what she could? She continued her work with the patients of her good doctor who had passed out. She also accompanied Dr. Howell on some cases. She was anxious to ascertain the effect of colloids on this new disease. She still adhered with considerable tenacity to the oxidizing of blood through the drinking of colloidal water. But the water had immediate effects which she thought could not come from oxidization alone, and this was the opinion of the doctors who gave her observations. When Catherine was not too exhausted she looked over the papers at night to see, as she said, who was living, and who was not.

She had noted the death of some of her friends, and occasionally had read the obituary of some one who had not been a friend. Her eyes fell with alarmed interest one night upon the name of the man who had refused her money to build a hundred machines and had afterward sent her a check to make thirty. She wondered if it could be this same man; but she did not wonder long. For, looking through the paper she found a long story of his demise with an estimate of the millions he had left. The amount any one "left" she thought, appealed more strongly to many people than any other achievement; that is, if one might judge by the space allotted in the newspapers. As this man left a great many millions the space was generous. He had died of the influenza,

and Catherine knew he probably could have been saved. Here was a man who would have given millions to have saved his life. He had come into direct contact with the agency that might have saved him. But in his all-engrossing battle for money it is doubtful if he remembered that the colloids were a new agency that might possibly be effective.

The pity of it, thought Catherine. Here was a man altruistically inclined, but the Money Game had gotten hold of him and had almost eradicated his natural self. She thought this to be the case with many millionaires, and she thought of organizing a society for their reclamation, and smiled at the irony of it. Then she felt sorry to think that she could not have gotten a machine for him if he had wanted one. For, much to her disappointment, the new ones were not ready as yet.

"If he had had one, he would have thought of me, and of what I said about different cases. But I don't think he would have remembered it without having had the reminder," thought Catherine.

It had occurred to her then that the fact of the colloids being proved effective should be written for the medical paper. Dr. Howell was so driven that it was doubtful if he would ever find time to write the article. But he probably could make himself understood. She found that getting the article, however, was a tedious matter. And she discovered

that if she waited for it to be as complete as the doctor would wish that it would never get into the paper in time to do any good. He was averaging only two and a half hours sleep now. When could he write? How could he write? But Catherine was not one to be daunted. He would probably be able to make himself understood. So she literally camped on his doorstep. And after several days she succeeded in getting an incomplete article. The editor of the *Medical Record* was very considerate in placing the article immediately in print.

While Catherine was occupied in this way she did not get around as much as formerly. Her manufacturer had now finished her machines and she had placed them where doctors thought the influenza had left a trace of tuberculosis or kidney trouble. It was now evident that the wave of the epidemic had passed the expected "peak," and the whole city breathed easier.

Catherine had written home every few days but she had deemed it inadvisable to travel any more than was necessary. Her stepmother now looked forward to her visits. The *Aquator* was established as a domestic feature. As far as her family was concerned Catherine had no more opposition. The years of effort she had spent in trying to break into the Health Departments of either City, State or Government had proved fruitless, Catherine decided. When the epidemic subsided she again attempted to

have demonstrations made on tuberculosis or other diseases. She also importuned the government to give the boys who had been wounded in the war, a chance.

But there were too many adverse influences in the Government to permit even a trial, which was all that Catherine asked. She did not blame the heads of the Government or even the heads of City or State departments. She blamed those influences which did not come out in the open and fight for the welfare of humanity because their purposes would not bear inspection. Catherine wondered how many more years the struggle would continue. Then she laughed somewhat bitterly to herself and thought: "Barring accidents, I shall live longer than my opponents for I take my own medicine. When they all die off I shall try the next generation."

One of the patients whom Dr. X wished her to deliver a machine to was down in the old portion of the city where the studio was. Catherine was walking along the Avenue and carrying the bag made especially to accommodate her little machine. Suddenly, around the corner of Nineteenth Street came Mills, breezing along in his head-on fashion. Both stopped abruptly.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "Where in the world are you going? Must be in some hurry!"

Thus he ignored the fact that he was the one who was doing most of the hurrying. He grabbed

Catherine's bag, and looked in, a very characteristic thing for Mills to do.

"Suppose you're getting in good work now?" he asked in his abrupt fashion.

"Yes, I have certainly managed to keep busy. But what has happened to you? You look as though you had lost two pounds."

"I did! Had the 'flu.' Two pounds isn't much, though."

"It's enough when one hasn't more to lose, isn't it?"

"Gee, you do rub it in! Didn't *you* have the 'flu'?"

"No," answered Catherine, with disdain, "I didn't."

"Guess the water must be some good, then. You always did have everything of that kind."

"I think it is some good!" exclaimed Catherine, trenchantly. She started off down the Avenue.

"Wait awhile. Don't mind if I walk as far as Fourteenth Street, do you?"

"No, very glad to have you."

"What are you doing now, anyhow?" asked Mills. "Don't ever see you any more."

"Doing good, I hope," replied Catherine.

"Working for the Almighty, eh?"

"You may call it that if you choose," said Catherine, laughing. "Who are you working for?"

"For the Devil," answered Mills.

"I am sorry if that is the case. You are really capable of better things." She was a little puzzled, for she thought he might have thus alluded to a domestic misunderstanding. She wondered if he referred to his better and bigger half. She was relieved when he answered:

"Oh, darn it, you know what I mean—it's work, all work, and nothing but work, all the darn time! No chance for ball games or sailing any more."

"Work seems to be a very good thing for you," replied Catherine, "it keeps your excess flesh down."

Mills, being little more than a shadow, resented this.

"You're just as sarcastic as you always were," he said, with a flush.

"I'm sorry, then. I didn't mean to offend you," said Catherine.

"No? All right, then—no harm done. Here is where I catch my car," and he dashed after a car which was already a quarter way down the block.

Catherine watched him until after he had boarded the car.

"It is too bad he could not have had a mind to understand what I am trying to do. But in that case he might not have married," she thought, but he was by nature domestically inclined. She hoped he had found happiness.

CHAPTER V

A great joy, effecting many nations, came in November, 1918. It would have been a hard heart indeed that could not have participated in the world-wide rejoicing. Yet innuendo whispered that there were some who did not rejoice. Nevertheless, the glad tidings of peace flooded the Christian world, and Catherine felt as though a great weight had been lifted. She wished that her good doctor could have lived to see this day. He had remarked so many times: "Wait till the war is over. We shall be able to get things done then, and I predict that you will make great progress. People really haven't time to think now."

Catherine remembered his words and resolved to see Dr. Hopewell again. This she did; and while the doctor was sympathetic as usual, his efforts were not productive of results. Catherine had immediately, upon the change of Administration, offered her method of making colloidal solutions to the City. It seemed desirable that colloids be placed in the Board of Health Laboratory along with the antitoxins. In the early stages of a disease where

a diagnosis was often impossible, the colloids could be used as they applied to many diseases.

Finally, after repeated visits, one of the doctors remarked to her, "Miss Summers, you seem to be a very good business woman. For if we install these colloids, you know that it will help you. You will be more than repaid by the impetus given your products."

Catherine looked at the doctor as if she considered such persons hopeless. He probably had never done an unselfish act in his life. For that reason he was entirely incapable of imagining any one else could.

"So you think it better to let people perish than to give them what might benefit them, simply because it might possibly help an American woman who has worked for years in order not only to help herself, but to help others? Yes, it would seem that being an American in America is a handicap. What I would impress upon you, however, is this: that the products I have offered the City I am not selling, and that I have had it in my mind from the very beginning to give this part of my process to the City Laboratories."

Further than this the colloids are coming and their advent means revolution in the scientific, medical, industrial and financial world. The reversal

of a certain supposed irreversible colloid will turn the financial world upside down.

At the mention of financial world which Catherine had maliciously thrown in made the doctor very much interested, not to say obsequious.

"Indeed, Miss Summers, I did not intend to cast any aspersions upon your intentions at all. But I greatly admire you for being such a good business woman. I assure you that I have not had the slightest intention of offending you."

"I accept your apology. I really do not suppose you realized that being 'a good business woman' could be offensive under any circumstances."

Slurs such as these made Catherine even more despondent than the out-and-out falsehoods with which she had had to contend at first. For these she could disprove; but "motives" were something which any unprincipled person could lay at her door. And only those who knew her best understood her real motives.

Catherine realized that though there might be really sincere people at the head of any administration, there was a higher power that sought to rule through subordinates. She decided to abandon her efforts to interest the City, State or Federal Governments and make another attempt in her own way. This, then, was to be "The Solution."

She knew that many thousands of men would return from the war with wounds and sores that

the old methods could not heal; for they could not purify the fountain of life,—the blood,—so effectually. Yes, she was going to fight on for the boys who had already given their best on the fields of battle. They were entitled to the best; and the nation as a whole, desired to give them the best.

She now went to Dr. Howell and obtained his agreement to give demonstrations on diseases for which there was at present no specific. She had then to hunt for men to put up the necessary funds and these were preferably from amongst the doctor's clientele, and those who had reason for believing in the doctor's methods. They were agreed that the sum was a large one, but they decided to contribute if the doctor would sign an agreement also. Then the trouble began, and it dragged over several months. Catherine found that trying to manage several persons, each of whom was accustomed to managing others, was an onerous undertaking. The doctor thought that possibly Mrs. Miles would do better in managing the clients and that Catherine had enough to do to collect the patients, and make other arrangements. So Catherine resigned that part to Mrs. Miles, a patient of the doctor's who was deeply indebted to him. This relieved Catherine. For, until she had a more definite statement from Mrs. Miles she refused to go ahead collecting the patients. The accepted patients had to have a diagnosis and a prognosis from a reliable doctor.

The prognosis to be "probably incurable, or incurable in this climate," also the character and habits of the patients had to be looked into.

Although Catherine was relieved, her burden was not notably lessened. Conferences followed, lasting till all hours of the night, at least a couple of times each week. She had most of her time, however, free for her usual routine of experimenting, reading, tabulating or seeing physicians. Sometimes she did some art work. She knew that her thoroughly trained eye had been very useful to her in making observations, and noting color. She did not wish to get out of practise.

She was sitting at her desk in her little office one dark day when the lights were on. The light above her desk being too intense, she turned that off. Some one came in without an announcement and his head threw a shadow directly on her desk. It looked strangely familiar; she glanced up instantly, and saw Mr. Spots standing before her. His skin had grown ruddy from outdoor life and his clothes, no longer bizarre, were those of a well-groomed man.

"Well, well, if here isn't the 'Water Witch'!" he exclaimed. "I didn't believe that I should find you. You know that you didn't answer my last two letters?"

"But I'm very glad to see you, just the same! And you bring all the freshness and tang of a western breeze along with you."

"Which sounds very nice, coming from you," said Mr. Spots. "You always claimed that you liked the West, but you never came out. Not for lack of invitations, though. That wasn't the real reason."

"No, I have been too busy. Do you want to look at some of the data?" Catherine handed him a sheaf of letters. He read them with keen interest and then exclaimed, "By George, you're a regular life-saver! Who would have dreamed you could ever have done anything like this with anything so common as water! Got any here?"

"Yes, go over and help yourself!" and Catherine pointed to the cooler.

"I hardly ever think of taking a drink of water," he said.

"Gracious, that is a terrible admission. You must reform. I do remember now that you sometimes liked something more effective than water, occasionally. Do you know what is the very best brand of gin?"

"Why, I used to think I was something of a connoisseur in drinks, but I didn't know that you had tendencies in that direction," he said, giving her a surprised look.

"The best brand of gin is Oxy-Gin," said Catherine, laughing, "and there is plenty of it in that water. It goes far ahead of any other gin in the long run for it gives you good red blood."

Mr. Spots laughed. "I think you would make

a very good temperance advocate, but I'm not ready to reform yet. Do you drink this water yourself?"

"Yes, I drink it all the time to keep in good health, much the same as we eat or breathe. The drink habit is a good one if it is water that you drink."

Mr. Spots slowly drank a second glassful, looking critical meanwhile. "It tastes like any ordinary water, only a little softer," he said.

"It tastes softer because it is colloidal in nature," explained Catherine.

"I suppose that you can't hurt yourself by drinking it," said Mr. Spots.

"No, there is no danger of that. I told one man that it couldn't hurt him—a man who couldn't speak English. He, together with a number of other men, was deluded by a fake doctor and filled up with mercury. I handed the fake doctor over to the A. M. A. and proceeded to dose the patients with water. They were a sorry lot, but it was the only thing I could do. Not one of them would go near a doctor after their experience. But, as I said, I told one that the water would not hurt him. In his enthusiasm he drank sixty-five glasses in one day."

"Great Scott! Didn't the fellow burst?"

"No, not quite," laughed Catherine. "You see, he believed in expansion. These men all came out all right, too. After a while I persuaded them to go to good doctors."

"By George, but you are a good Samaritan! To

think of doing anything great with water except to bathe with, or take a drink on a hot day! You always used to say that you would do great things with water. I believed it, too, when I was with you, for you have a convincing way. But, after I got away and thought it over, I'll have to admit that I had my doubts about your theories. And your letters have been so meagre in information when you did write, which wasn't often."

Mr. Spots picked up another observation at this juncture, and looked it over.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, "you are a 'Water Witch' for certain. You know I used to think of you that way when you had all of those boats and lived on the water. You loved it, I could see. But I never dreamed of your taking any old water and converting it into a beneficial one. I knew you had an idea of oxygenating the blood in some different way, but I didn't think you would ever make it practicable."

"As far as the efficacy of the machine goes, the blood tests show that it purifies the blood. But the doctors are by no means agreed that it is the oxygen, or the action of the colloidal solution which is also formed in the machine. But so long as the end justifies the means, I don't think it matters in the least."

"Why do you call it a 'machine'? Haven't you named it yet?"

"Yes, I call it the 'Aquator,' but they say it's easier to say 'machine.'"

"'Aquator?' Well, that isn't bad."

"But tell me," asked Catherine, "what have you been doing? How is your mother?"

"Mother is well, thank you, and I'm glad to say, happy. I just chased over to see a man from the West who happened to be here. I expect to go right back. I'll never live in the East again. And, by the way, if I'm successful in this venture I want to pay back the money I made you lose with old Roace."

"How is the old fellow?"

"Oh, I thought I wrote you that he is dead. Could not stand the confinement in the Asylum. He continued crazy upon one or two subjects until he died, and I believe he really thought he had something on the treatment of water. Rosen was the real rascal I believe. We never heard of him of course. Roace's old wife was a brick, she stuck to him to the last and now I have placed her in an "Old Ladies Home where I guess she is fairly happy."

"Considering what the old man did I think you have been very kind," said Catherine.

"Oh, I don't know about that. It was information I was really after you know. I thought the old man might divulge something if he was away from Rosins influence that might be valuable but if he ever had anything he didn't tell. Then the old lady was a

pitiful object, too. I did not enjoy seeing her suffer.

"That was characteristic of you. Mills always said it was because you didn't want to see the criminals suffer that you were so successful in criminal law."

"What has become of our friend, Mills, though? I don't see him decorating the landscape around here," said Mr. Spots.

"He is married out of this troublesome scientific atmosphere," said Catherine.

"Well, I'm sure his wife won't die of ennui," said Mr. Spots. In making his hasty survey of the room for Mills his glance was caught by a formidable array of the little machines of many sizes and shapes. "What is this, anyway, an exhibit?" he asked.

"Yes, that is, from the youngest to the oldest. Only the youngest are the biggest. That tiny one is the first one I made, the eldest of the family. "Looks rather like the youngest, in comparison. Do you change the insides, too?"

"Yes, most of the changing is done on the inside, of course. That is where the hard labor has come in," said Catherine.

"Well, what is it, anyway? Can you explain it so that a stupid fellow like myself will be able to understand? Just what does it do to the water?"

"The simple definition would be to say that the

water was positively charged. That the negative had been removed, and that the tiny particles which are evolved by this process are left without the negative in a state of perpetual motion which is called the Brownian movement. It is literally a living water having the electric charge which the body has when in good health."

"Yes, I think I can understand it now," said Mr. Spots. "Just to think that you accomplished this without going through a scientific school, too. Some persons are born with brains, and some have erudition thrust upon them by some doting parent, a sort of ready-to-wear variety supplied by universities and guaranteed to conform. Personally, I prefer the 'born-with-brains' kind. They are certain to have a more original pattern. Cultivation may add to their brilliancy but they can't become atrophied like the 'ready-to-wear' product. Gad, I've forgotten about all I ever learned in College, myself!"

"But, as you happen to belong to the born-with-brains' variety, I don't think you will need to remember all the things you learned in college," said Catherine, laughing.

"Now, don't jolly me along. I happened to be referring to you, in particular. You know that I was."

"You've weighed me down with such a quantity of brains," said Catherine, "that I should think

you'd be afraid of me now. I've always heard that men were afraid of women with brains."

"Oh, not at all, providing they have some themselves." Thus Mr. Spots unwittingly paid himself a compliment; and added to it when he asked, "You don't suppose I'm afraid of you, do you?"

"Why, this is a regular Mutual Admiration Society," said Catherine.

"By George, I'm glad to hear that! You know you always were inclined to treat things lightly. I believe you are a little more serious, now; I want to be taken seriously." He paused, then continued abruptly: "I do want to straighten out that Roace affair with you, if I am successful in my deal down town. It was a long time ago, but I don't intend to forget it. Money is the root of all misery. You're miserable if you do have it, and still more miserable if you don't. In all my ups and downs, though, I've noticed that poverty cements true friendship. But it's fatal to the spurious kind."

"I've had some opportunity to observe that," said Catherine. "At the first ominous whispering of adversity, a great many of my so-called 'friends' disappeared. My first real blow came when the big houseboat burned. After that the bludgeoning came thick and fast, and many more of my 'friends' vanished from the horizon. I have gained this advantage now,—that I've learned to know those who are

loyal to me and those who are not. And this knowledge is worth any price."

"Yes, that's true. Prosperity lays everything at one's door in the shape of flattery and friendship. But the wind of adversity sweeps the chaff away, and leaves only the wheat. By George, that's a corking simile, though! Did you make it, or did I?"

"You may claim the honor," laughed Catherine.

"I really think that before long you will again know prosperity. I don't see how you can help but get your just deserts."

"I know how I can lose out, though," she told him.

"You mean by letting some one steal your ideas? There are too many people of good standing who know now that you created this thing. You know the world better than you did a few years ago. But old man Roace 'did' lots of shrewder people than us. When he commenced to get a bit 'dippy' he even did Rosen, who was practised in doing everybody else, I understand.

"I don't see how you can escape prosperity, with your good level head," he continued. "And with it all again will come the wheat and the chaff. Don't let your experiences make you pessimistic. You'll always locate a few good kernels in the chaff. It never bothers me, any more, I have gotten on to the knack of sifting them. By George, it would take a sharp one to get ahead of me now."

"But it cost you a lot to acquire that knowledge, didn't it?" queried Catherine.

"You bet!" exclaimed Mr. Spots, and he looked at his watch. "By George, I'm afraid I shall be late. If I am successful in my mission I will telephone you, for I want to catch the five o'clock train right back. But if I fail I want to come back here, and have some more talk, around five. But, before I attended to business, I thought I would try to get a glimpse of you first."

"I'll be glad to see you any time. But I'll say good-by, in case you don't get back." She held out her hand, which was clasped with some fervor as well as haste. "And I wish you the best of luck."

Mr. Spots called up later and told her that he had been successful in his mission. He was sure he would be able to straighten out the matter of the Roace money with her. Then, with a parting entreaty to answer his letters, he told her good-by.

There had been times when Catherine had needed the Roace money far more than at present—times when she had had to wait for weeks and months to obtain something with which to experiment. She reflected that Mr. Spots did not know this. He would have been the first to share whatever he possessed. But, before he had gone West he had put her in a position where she considered her good sense precluded her asking anything of him in the

way of assistance, or even of her telling him the exact conditions.

Ever since her cousin Franklin had failed to pass an examination for the Army and was "condemned" to remain at home, as he called it, he seemed to show signs of a nervous strain. So, one evening when he said that he had decided to go back to Summerville, Catherine was not surprised. She had sensed it coming, and felt sorry to lose his companionship. He had been a good chum; and she knew he was bitterly disappointed in having to give up his business career. She would miss him a great deal, but not so much as when she had been in the strictly experimental stages of her work. Now she had many things to occupy her time, too many things,—she sometimes thought.

Franklin was what might have been called the "family side" of her life. They joked and differed and quarreled in not too vehement a way, and then made up again. At the same time there was nothing more than a family sentiment. Catherine was of the opinion that he should have gone sooner, so she did not try to dissuade him. She promised to come up often over the week-ends. That would be when her stepmother would spare her from spending the time with her. They had made confidants of each other on many subjects. But Catherine had never confided to him the interest she felt in "M. K. S.," partly for the reason that she thought

Franklin could not throw any light on the problem or understand it any better, if as well, as she did.

Now that Franklin was going, she thought she would take a few hours each week and let "M. K. S." write some more. But "M. K. S." still seemed to have no desire to go out in company and since Catherine's embarrassing experience at Miss Sutton's, she had not insisted on her doing so. She had often wondered if "M. K. S." had communicated through any other medium. This was a question that she now wrote out. The answer came immediately:

"'M. K. S.' has not used any other medium. You are probably the only one whom she can use as a means of expression. She has watched and waited for years of your life for the opportunity. M. K. S. has no desire to use any other medium. There are many here who now wish to communicate for the war brought over multitudes who were young and virile and wished to live on earth."

"Are many young spirits thought desirable?" asked Catherine.

"M. K. S. does not think that the young spirits are as desirable as those more highly developed. With us it is the reverse of what it is with you,—the older we grow the more beautiful we become. There is no such sorrow as a fading rose or a withering flower. This contributes greatly to our happiness, for it is constant progress."

"What manner of person makes the best medium?" asked Catherine.

"M. K. S. thinks that the best mediums are those in whom the ego is not too apparent. The primitive man thought only of himself. It would not be possible to communicate through such a medium. But, as man advances, the ego becomes less pronounced and in the future communication may become quite general."

Catherine then wrote, referring to colloids, "I cannot see why it should be so difficult to introduce a means of saving life as long as it is so easy and accessible."

"M. K. S. knows that, with mortals, minds develop slowly. So do not be impatient."

"Yes, but dear M. K. S., at the rate I have been going, it will take me more than a lifetime," wrote Catherine.

"Many innovations do. Some mortals live only after they are dead."

It had been Catherine's earnest desire to help the thousands of men who returned from the war. This message did not look encouraging, so she wrote: "I certainly hope that I shall not have to wait that long."

"No, you will not. Psychic forces are working with you; and the influence of which you know and against which you struggle, can not now long prevail."

This was more encouraging. Catherine then wrote: "Did you inspire the thought of making water,—any water at all,—a beneficial one?"

"M. K. S. does not think that she inspired it. It has long been known that the human body, when normal, is positively charged. Any agency that helps to maintain that vitality at normal is bound to be beneficial to all the organs. This, coupled with the well-known effect of oxygen, is sufficient to explain the results of what you have seen the machine do, the one that you, yourself, use."

"What medium do you think best as an oxidizer?" asked Catherine.

"The one that you use. It has a bearing on the future. When the earth was much warmer than it is now, the hemoglobin was of copper (the oxygen carrier). Copper has less affinity for oxygen than iron, which is the present oxygen carrier. When the earth and atmosphere cool still more the oxygen carrier will have to change to some metal with a greater affinity for oxygen than iron. As ages go by, the soil and water will have an increasing amount of this metal and a decreasing amount of iron. The change will come in this way. The race will become more blond, taller, less magnetic, but more radio-active, as it were, with vastly more differentiation in personalities. Many things will be understood then that are not understandable to you now."

"Thank you, dear M. K. S. The fact of the

oxygen carriers changing from copper to iron, is conceded by science, I believe." Then Catherine asked: "What becomes of those who have great aspirations here but reach to but little attainment?"

"M. K. S. knows that many discouraged souls come over. The future development of these will be along the lines they have chosen. Many souls on earth have known nothing but repression. Many of them are of a fine quality which made them unable to compete with the more coarse and material natures, which are the most prevalent ones on earth at the present time. Those who struggle to achieve, interest us here the most. Those who have attained are not so interesting as those who have not reached the light, but see it dimly,—and are making the effort to progress. Is not the excitement of the race far more interesting to you than the mere ceremony of seeing the victor crowned? We love to help the struggling ones. Those who are developing a character,—and not the ones who are attaining a fortune,—which often destroys character."

"Do the same conditions prevail all over the spirit land?" asked Catherine.

"No, vastly different conditions prevail. There are different planes and different groups in the planes. There is endless variety."

"Can you convey to us what you would like to

say in our symbols? Is it not a handicap for you to use the language which you once used?"

"M. K. S. cannot convey so very much in your symbols; they are inadequate. They can not express the various shades of feeling completely. Neither does your music express harmonies which we have here; and the palette which you use is incomplete as to colors. It was not intended that perfection should be attained on earth, which is only the battle ground of the spirit over primitive passions. If I should give you a message it would be this: 'Struggle, that you may become strong. Have a clear and intelligent idea of what you wish to accomplish and a positive conviction that you can do what you will to do.'"

Catherine did not take any messages again for some long time and when she did attempt to do so the writing said: "M. K. S. will not write again until you are in better health. But she will always be near you."

This startled Catherine, for she felt that something had been taken that belonged to her. Then she rose and went to her mirror.

Turning on the light full, she studied her face closely. It was quite obvious that she had lost her former rosy complexion. She had also lost her roundness of cheek. She then reflected that "M. K. S.," or her subconscious mind, had a better per-

ception of some things than she had. After several months, when she thought she had regained her vigor, she again tried to get a message; but none came. Nor could she get any response after further repeated trials. Catherine then realized that a very lovely and interesting experience had gone out of her life, for the time being, at least.

Mrs. Miles had seemed to succeed in holding together, for a few weeks, a number of rich men who would supply enough money for a very thorough demonstration on tuberculosis. She notified Catherine that she should now go ahead and get her patients together. Catherine proceeded to do this along lines which she knew would be acceptable to the doctor. It was thought best to have this demonstration as quietly as possible and have the announcements made in the medical papers. She found it a difficult task, for if a patient presented himself with a prognosis of "probably curable," the doctor immediately would have none of him. At the same time he must be in at least the second stage of the disease.

She had not proceeded very far when she was asked up to the doctor's for a conference. Two lawyers were there representing the men who would furnish the money if the doctor would but sign a certain agreement. But the doctor did not agree to the terms, and remained obdurate. He said he didn't know if he had a soul, but if he did have one

he was not going to make an assignment of it. Different ones expostulated. One of the lawyers said he thought Mrs. Miles was efficient and sincere enough, but too temperamental.

"Yes," said the doctor, "but more temper than mental!" in his concise way. The lawyer again interposed: "I rather think that temperament is just what her attitude should spell," in his coldest and most calculating tone. "When it is temper-ment, they can control themselves if they wish."

"That would depend largely upon training," replied the doctor. "In our profession we have a lot of that sort of thing to contend with."

Catherine did not feel qualified to join in the expostulating until she had read the agreement, for she wanted to expostulate intelligently. As the agreement covered twenty pages she left the rest of them to finish the argument. As she came to the last page of the reading, it seemed to be the doctor's turn to take the floor, which he did.

"Gentlemen, I refuse to sign that agreement on earth, or in heaven, or in hell!" This seemed emphatic enough, especially to the legal minds. They said "Good evening," and withdrew from the parley, leaving all concerned in a high state of discomfiture.

Mrs. Miles entered at this juncture. She was a persevering and determined woman. She said:

"The doctor has neglected to mention purgatory.

And maybe he would sign, in spite of his asseverations to the contrary. Perhaps there might be some alterations made. However, one man stood out firmly that the doctor should not sign any such agreement. Mrs. Miles found it impossible to bring the widely diverging factions together although she was most insistent in her efforts. She struggled along for more than a week, hoping to bring about some sort of a reconciliation. Finally she notified Catherine that she had failed, and could make no further effort. She suggested that Catherine take up the matter again and try to bring about a reconciliation between these rich patrons and the doctor. She said she considered Catherine more tactful and diplomatic in such matters.

Catherine allowed the dispute to subside for a couple of weeks; then she interviewed the doctor, and also the men who were willing to furnish the money in case the doctor came to what they considered reasonable terms. If the doctor was interfered with, he could not do his best work. Catherine understood this, but the men did not. One man particularly laid down the rules by which the doctor must abide if he was to furnish any money at all. Catherine replied to him: "Yes, I have read those rules, very much amplified in a twenty page agreement, Mr. Reed. Now, if you will do nothing except under the conditions which you prescribe, allow me to say

that you cannot convert an eagle into a barnyard fowl."

Although Catherine held her head high and tried to be cheerful over what looked like a hopeless defeat, she felt her loss keenly. She did not have Franklin to unburden her troubles to now. And "M. K. S." had always told her not to be impatient. So Mrs. Thompson, who was a friend, and more or less known in medical circles, came in for Catherine's story of defeat, which was repeated, with variations.

"A fine spectacle," Catherine would exclaim, heatedly, "one hundred and fifty thousand persons are dying every year of tuberculosis alone! Look at the army—fifty thousand came back with tuberculosis. Can the hospitals cure them the way Dr. Howell can? No, they can't. Are not these men entitled to the best? Then why isn't there an American citizen who has courage enough to come forth and see that they get it? Fine examples of men, they are, leaving it all to one woman!"

"I have an idea," said Mrs. Thompson, "we will put one over on the government. You know the machine that you made me for Dr. Harold? He is well now, and doesn't need it any longer. He had had the best medical care for months previous. I know, from the cases I have seen that the water helped him. Now there is a captain, a very popular

man, whom I know well. I understand that in his case the poison is similar. He has been brought north because his heart is too weak to stand an operation. Shall we save him? You build another machine like that, and I will do the rest."

Catherine looked doubtful. "The hitch is just here," she explained, "the medical machines I build are for doctors and surgeons only. You said you wanted that one for a surgeon, or you could not have gotten one made that way. Those that oxidize the blood are good for any one. But there are also machines intended only for doctors."

"In that case," said Mrs. Thompson, with decision, "I shall borrow Dr. Harold's. He does not need it now. I intend to save that man!"

"I am just as anxious as you are to save the Captain. I would do anything at all in my power. Only it seems to me that it should be done through the surgeon at the hospital. We are both anxious for the same end, as you know. Only we differ as to the means of attaining it. I do not believe that they will allow him to use it, even if you do take it to the Hospital yourself."

"Oh yes, they will have to. I shall tell them who *I* am. They have had two years in which to cure him. Now *I* say it's time to give some one else a chance. You know the action of the water on pus and poisons," continued Mrs. Thompson.

"When there is such a simple device to send out pus and poisons, why, through sheer stupidity, should so many be allowed to die? I think that a perfect outrage!"

"Of course *I* know the action of the water, but *they* don't."

"Very well, then," continued Mrs. Thompson, "I propose to show them." And she did. She took her machine to the hospital, and the Captain used the water. At the end of three days he was sitting up. At the end of a week he was going on the porch. Like many others, his heart had become so affected by pus and poison that it was not deemed prudent to operate for it might prove fatal. The pus was eventually sent out in quantity by the water; after which he entirely recovered.

After his recovery, Mrs. Thompson remarked: "Well, to use a common phrase I feel as if 'I had put one over' gloriously on the government. I wish I had a chance to help all the others. Why don't you ask the Government to try out your machine, especially as you have some good doctors using it?" she asked Catherine.

"Heavens!" expostulated Catherine, "Don't you suppose I've done that very thing times without end? Now my position with them, in the last analysis, is just this: *If they prove me to be an imposter, they should prosecute me. If I am not an*

imposter, then they should aid me in conserving human life, particularly the lives of the returned soldiers."

"I am glad to hear you define your position," said Mrs. Thompson.

Catherine had high regard for Mrs. Thompson's judgment, for a great part of her work had been the editing of articles on surgery. She was well informed as to the possibilities of present day surgery. But she was also aware of the impossibilities. She had often declared that any device that could localize and eliminate pus and poison would revolutionize surgery. It was from this cause that mortality mostly occurs.

In the meantime, Catherine had been turning over in her mind how she should arrange about the demonstrations. The rich men who understood what could be done would naturally be the ones to subscribe, and make success possible. But this plan of procedure had failed utterly. She had written out her plan so that the doctor could consider it carefully. Catherine said, after he had read it over: "You see, with the world of moneyed men about us they have left so important a measure to me, apparently. I shall have to do my best."

"It appears to me," said the doctor, "that what you have outlined here is reasonable. I will accept, for I think that you understand the situation."

That night Catherine began the task of sorting out all the memoranda from years back that she had made for future use. The following week she started writing her book. She was sometimes weary and discouraged as she wrote. But she had only to visualize the misery that might become alleviated and removed to make her continue her task with renewed zeal. She wrote for the thousands of suffering little ones, that they might be saved an untimely grave: she wrote for the ones in their prime that they might be spared to complete useful lives: she wrote for the aged, for these when purged of the impurities that accumulate with age will no longer be subject to the diseases of age. Then might these, when the Great Summons came, gently "wrap the draperies of their couch about them, and lie down to pleasant dreams."

POSTSCRIPT

The term colloid is applied to those substances which, when in solution, do not diffuse through parchment membranes; the diffusible substances are termed crystalloids. Notwithstanding that the colloid state is the condition in which all living matter exists, it is a remarkable fact that the crystalline state, representing as it does inanimate matter, is the form in which medicines of the present day are mostly administered, a state of matter not in harmony with the body.

It has been the fortune of the author to witness some very remarkable recoveries from diseases for which there were no recognized specific remedies and in which colloids were used, whether alone or in conjunction with other treatment. Some years ago, Dr. Thomas Kelly suggested that the author make notes of such observations with the view of presenting them in book form at some future time. The present book is the outcome of this suggestion. Instead, however, of the scientific record, which Dr. Kelly had in mind, the present opportunity has been taken to present some facts in the form of fiction and to give prominence to the many amusing

incidents that have occurred in the course of the writer's extensive and varied experience. The interest which is attached to this form of presentation should not lead the reader to lose sight of the fact that the cases cited are entirely authentic. The omission of data and letters given by physicians and the use of fictitious names is in harmony with professional courtesy and ethics.

Dr. W. B. Holden points out in an article upon "Colloids in Influenza" that the administration of these remedies when the physician is first called and before it is possible to make a proper diagnosis often averts what might be a serious illness because of the immediate action of the colloid.

As everywhere in nature, here too, in colloids there are no sharp lines of demarcation. As the particles become smaller they approach the molecular condition. Hence the electrocolloids, which are the smallest colloids and are therapeutically the most valuable, no longer present the property of non-diffusibility through vegetable and animal membranes. In the early use of the colloids it was not understood that only the most minute particles were efficacious and for this reason there have been many misunderstandings concerning them.

To convert the principal medicines into the colloidal state may probably be the work of years, but when this is accomplished the public may cease to have that fear of drugs which now is constantly

growing, for while the efficacy of colloidal medicine is increased a hundred times over that of the crystalline form, the toxic effects are minimized for the unnatural crystalline salts or herbs have been converted into that state into which most of our food is taken. For example, what doctor, having used organic iodine would think of returning to the old form of this drug and the later "Aqua Iodine" still excels that which was used in the war. The above is simply cited as one instance in which even the layman has noticed the difference.

When medicines shall have been converted into a form which the public understands is harmless, it will be a better day for the physician, the chemist and the patient. It is no uncommon thing to hear a patient say that his doctor had cured rheumatism, but at the expense of his stomach, or that he reduces this or that condition at the expense of the heart. For this reason the visit to the doctor is sometimes delayed, not because they fear the doctor but because they fear the medicine. Most of the "isms" that have arisen in healing have been protests against the use of drugs unnatural to the human system; when colloidal medication becomes a fact the "isms" will mostly disappear for not the most fanatical object to food which is mostly colloidal and that is the form into which the medicine of the future will be converted. Therefore the colloidal medication makes for harmony and not for discord. The patient needs

to have the same confidence in the medicine that he already entertains for the physician.

So convincing are the results of colloidal medication, that it seems desirable to familiarize the medical public with its possibilities. To this end, clinical demonstrations by and under control of responsible physicians especially experienced in this field are planned. A prominent physician has signified his willingness to give the first demonstration upon tuberculosis, which may be followed by other demonstrations upon diseases now without specific treatment in which the colloids when properly prepared and administered have proven to be efficacious.

The income derived from the sale of this book will be utilized to promote these demonstrations: consequently the greater the number of books sold the greater the number of demonstrations which may be given.

Because of the toxic effects of the crystalline form of medicine progress has necessarily been slow and halting, the conscientious physician has to consider carefully the result to the patient but with a form of medication in which the toxic effects are minimized he can proceed with more confidence.

The immediate future of the colloids in therapeutics is at stake. It is dependent upon the scientific knowledge and technical skill of the chemist who produces them; upon the confidence and clinical skill of the physician who applies them; and upon the

intelligent recognition of their remedial value by the innumerable sufferers benefited by them.

Shall another half century add itself to the one already passed since their discovery before their value is recognized; or shall they now come into their own? This is dependent not upon one, but upon many individuals. Great is the future of colloidal therapeutics; for though it be difficult it is a glorious one.

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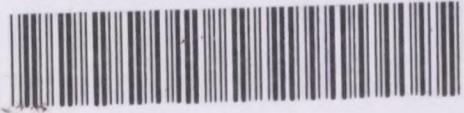
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